National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment---Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

VOLUME X.---NO. 12. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1849. WHOLE NUMBER 480.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

BY THE

AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY,

At 142 Nassau St. New-York.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letter relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to S. H. GAY, New York.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or S. H. GAY, New-York.

E. Norris, Printer.

The Southern Press, North.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

FROM KINGSTON, JAMAICA—POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—We have dates from the Island of Jamaica to the 2d inst. The Legislative assembly being in session, it has transp red officially that the Immigration Act of 1848 had expired, and not been renewed, and there being no authorized person to receive and provide for immigrants, the Home Government had considered it necessary to cease supplying the island with recaptured Africans. A large meeting, called to express the sense of the people of Jamaica on the violations of the Slave treaties by the Spanish and Brazilian Governments, passed resolutions to the effect that the English Government be petitioned to open negotiations with said Governments for the enforcement of the treaties, in order that the inhabitants of the British West Indies may be placed on an equality with the planters of Brazil and the Spanish islands. In some of the speeches made at this meeting it was asserted that the slave-trade during the past year was as great as the average of the seven years prior to the passage of the act abolishing it. The following facts, some time ago brought before the Imperial Parliament, were also reproduced to show the effect of emancipating the negroes:

"That since the passing of the British Slave Emancipation Act, of the 653 sugar estates then in cultivation in this island, 140 have been abandoned, and the works broken up, containing 168,032 acres of land, and having then employed in their cultivation 22,533 labourers.

"That these properties now extinct, produced in the year 1832, 14,178 hogsheads of sugar and 5,903 puncheons of rum.

"That since the same period 465 coffee plantations have been abandoned, and their works broken up, containing 188,400 acres of land, and having employed in their cultivation in the year 1832, 26,830 labourers."

The above is a very important exposition in regard to the sugar and cotton countries in which slave labour was heretofore, and now, occasionally is successful. The great plan of the British Government and its companies, originally, was to destroy the cotton, coffee, and sugar interests of all the world, not confined to her dominions, and to her interest! This was, indeed, a stupendous undertaking. But England had policy at the sacrifice of principle, or not, as the case might be; and she had *secret service* money at command, and any amount of unprincipled men ready to do her bidding. Accordingly, she set to work to ruin the interests of other countries by preaching through incendiaries, (secret missionaries,) the abolition of negro slavery. To destroy these interests in the United States, Great Britain established Abolition societies, printing offices, travelling agents, spies, and lecturers, all over this country. She has yet succeeded poorly! Few true citizens of America were caught by the hypocritical cry raised. The attempt was abortive, and the British Government must have felt badly to see how slowly the work of levening the masses of this Government by its treasonable movements, though secret, covert and cunning, was doing its work.

The plot was laid in a deep-seated knowledge of human nature, but it failed. It was supposed by the cunning advisers of the British government that, by expending a comparatively small amount of money in America, the portion lying north of the slave States could be so excited and won over to the British cause—a cause that showed its depth and cunning device only by its superior, plausible, yet truly shallow philanthropy—as to assist them in disarming *their opponents* in our country, and eventually ruin *us* to make *them!* Well, time passed on. Incendiaries and their friends, as well as world conventions, in all their grand schemes were, as yet, quite useless. It was then proposed in some secret council of Great Britain, that something must be done of greater weight to take effect on the philanthropic world; some convulsive movement must be set on foot; some wonderful upraising *must* be started, and that was decided to be the liberation of slaves, the abolishment of Slavery in the British West Indies. In this move it is supp sed the British East India Company—almost as powerful in its possessions in the East as Great Britain herself—went in, heart and hand, and furnished a large amount of the funds necessary to bring about the move. It was supposed that the effect would be thrilling in America—that the American slaves, hearing of the movements so near them for liberty and comparative equality, would rise en masse, and being assisted by the British incendiaries in the work, and those duped by them who were to the "manor born," with the aid of bigotry, false religious reasoning, and all the tricks and energetic movements that had been so long maturing, obtain liberty for the blacks; and the consequence would be the destruction of the cotton and sugar interests of our land. The British East India Company were successful in their plan so far only as they helped to destroy their opposition in the British West Indies.

The convulsion produced by this great scheme in these United States, did not rise to a very frightful pitch, and the British wire-workers and their allies were doomed to sull witness the peaceful continuance of our system of government. Connected, too, with the *interest* the British Government has in destroying the unison and happiness of our people, is the deadly hate of the monarchical world to the American republic. Let any man attempt to calculate the ruin to both master and slave in the British West Indies that this great movement has caused, and then let him feel, if he can, the due degree of sympathy for the sufferers they are entitled to, after gaining all the information extant on the subject, and mete out the amount of execration the British Government is entitled to for her base interference in our government and in the fortunes of her own merchants. All this great British scheme was started, based on philanthropy and religion, love of freedom for the poor slave and this should be particularly remembered by a government based upon the worst kind of Slavery, that of monarchy and aristocracy, which daily forced men to abject poverty and starvation, which make the most passive and willing slaves, by a nation that was first and foremost in catching in Africa and selling slaves to these States, and in all the world, and has all this time, and to this very day, holds more slaves than this country fifty times told! It has always been the policy of the British Government when they desire the downfall of a country to sow dissensions in it, among its people—to destroy its interests they act the same—always covert to have effect. So far this scheme has totally failed in the United States, and this failing is mainly attributable to the fidelity and intelligence of American citizens. The British Government understands us not. The great cardinal principles of our Government are intricate and not easily understood by a bigoted monarchist. The very nature of the people here incline to our system of government, therefore before any nation can understand our people fully they must be deeply learned in metaphysics, as well as new and old governmental principles.

From the Woodstock (Vt.) Spirit of the Age, (F. S. Paper.)

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—This man and his party have never shared the sympathy of political Abolitionists at all; nor ever acted with them in any political matters, but have stood aloof from all political action, being very strong Abolitionists in the abstract, but emphatically *talking*, and *do nothing*, Abolitionists. The well known character of their creed is, that Slavery is so entirely, continually and horridly, an evil, that churches that do not condemn it, stand condemned to destruction; that a government that does not destroy Slavery, should itself cease, and a better one be established; that the United States Constitution being, (as they say) a pro-slavery document, should cease to be treated as a bond of union of these States, and one be established that would scout Slavery from this continent. Such is the outline of their creed, as it has long stood in public estimation; and probably as warranted by their own speeches and publications. Probably, Frederick Douglass, the talented fugitive slave, in a speech of his, has established his own views in connection with that creed, as nearly in a common-sense dress as it can very well wear. His expressions were nearly these:—

"If the church cant stand without supporting this horrid system of Slavery, let the church go down, and start anew: and, if the Constitution of the United States cannot stand without supporting, and being supported by this horrid system of Slavery, let the Constitution go, and establish one of a better moral character, and one more congenial to the feelings and rights of a Christian people."

Political Abolitionists, whether under the cognomen of Liberty party, or Free Soil party, have never entertained these views, nor subscribed to this creed. They, on the contrary, would not doom the church to destruction, but would have them reform and take up a constitutional and persevering opposition to Slavery, till it ceases to infest the political and moral interests of our country. They would not abandon the Constitution, but support it to the utmost, and have it amended according to its own provisions, so far as defects exist. The most of them consider it well enough now, with one exception, if the Courts would construe it by the same rules, by which they construe all other written instruments; to wit, by its own terms, its own preamble, and the necessary meaning of all the language used in it. That exception is the three-fifths principle, with regard to Representations, by which the slaveholders keep twenty or more members of Congress, at the expense of the United States; and to guard their slave interests; and have twenty or more electors of President and Vice President; for all of which the North have no benefit in return.

Many political Abolitionists, Liberty party, Free Soil non-extension Abolitionists, consider without doubt, that, if the Constitution had not in the outset fallen into the hands of slaveholders for a construction favourable to their interests, but had fallen into the hands of the true friends of freedom, who would have been disposed to construe it in favour of freedom, none but the paragraph about three-fifths of all other persons, would ever have been liable to the imputation of pro-slavery, since the year 1808, when one prohibition ceased concerning emigration.

In a word, I venture to say without fear of contradiction, that no class of our citizens under any appellation whatever, are more determined supporters of the Constitution than the political Abolitionists, if we except that unwillingness to subscribe to that pro-slavery construction of it, which serves as a shield for the slaveholders, to pursue their fugitive slaves into the free States, and carry them back into Slavery. Yet how often, and unblushingly have the pro-slavery papers presented before the public, the Garrison party and their creed, as the true representative of all political Abolitionists, and especially so of the Liberty party. The introduction, and manner of treating the subject, indicated a strong desire and determination, to cast odium upon the Liberty party and diminish their political influence, and such is its tendency upon the Free Soil party. Although the political papers that oppose the extension of Slavery, have repeatedly made allusion to this deception, and stated the subject truly before the public: those receive no benefit from it who content themselves by reading pro-slavery papers only; or the papers which do not oppose Slavery. If any among us remain under the deception propagated by such unjust application of the principles of action of the Garrison party, to the Liberty party formerly, or the Free Soil party now, it is hoped they will read this, and throw off the deception. MENTOR.

From the Worcester (Mass.) National Ægis.

THE JUBILEE.—A friend who was present during a large partion of the exercises in the Grove, on Friday last, writes an account of the performances, from which we extract the following:

"There might have been 750 to 1000 persons present. There were 75 to 100 coloured persons on the ground, many of them from Boston. A large part of the crowd seemed to be there from curiosity, it being a day of leisure from all work. There were many "Free Soilers" present, but they were very shy, standing behind the trees and seemingly not knowing whether to applaud or not.

Garrison was installed President, and thereupon addressed the crowd. They had come there, he said, not to a fast, but to a jubilee. He called upon Mr. May to read letters. That gentleman read one from *Hon. John G. Palfrey*, declining to be present and remarking that *he should like to be there and speak*, but he might say something which they might not like and they might say something which he might not like. ("Free speech" repudiated.) *Charles Sumner* also sent his good wishes in a letter.

A song was sung.

Garrison then read the proclamations of the President and the Governor. He proceeded to call the President "a CORRUPT HUMAN BUTCHER," with "*blood-stained garments*;" whose "*whole life had been one of bloodshed*;" and exhausted the whole vocabulary of Billingsgate upon Gen. Taylor. He asked "*who is this George N. Briggs?*"—*another of the conspirators against human liberty*," said he. He concluded by reading passages from the Bible, for which see *Spy* of last week. "*Most of the speaking was said to be very good*," says the *Spy* of Saturday. I presume the editor refers to Garrison among others. C. C. Burleigh, of Connecticut, next addressed the crowd. He said *they ought not to humble themselves*, as recommended by the President and Governor, but shout aloud.

Theodore Parker came forward. His was the leading speech of the day. He employs antithesis to point a sentence, and in this lies his fort. He spoke well of Palfrey. He gave a psychological history of all reforms. There were three points in a reform; period first, of *sentiment*, and period second, of *ideas*, and period of third and last, of *action*. These ran into one another like the geological formation, I suppose, and the gentleman evidently thinks he is now in the secondary formation, and expects to find the tetiary quickly. He spoke of the venerable John Quincy Adams. "We had sent to Congress," he said, "one strong and earnest for battle, but we had lost him; but we now send there a better one, one more powerful, of greater intelligence, but not so old; he is an honour to his name—MANN."

He made a fierce and telling assault upon Benton and Calhoun. This was decidedly the best thing which was said all day. I give it with approximate accuracy:

"It is an old story," said Mr. Parker—"it may be a fable—that when scorpions are surrounded by a circle of fire, they will turn to and fight among themselves. Then it is that fang enters fang, poison meets poison. Thus it is with Benton and Calhoun, the two chief scorpions. The fire of Abolitionism has surrounded them, and they have met, fang to fang, poison with poison."

Wendell Phillips spoke next, with more than his usual facetiousness, but not with his wonted force and eloquence. He was, of course, very radical. Both Phillips and Parker belong to a sort of French Revolution, like that about the close of the last century. They speak of "*cutting throats*," and "*confiscating estates*" with all the coolness of Danton and his co-conspirators. I ought to say that Phillips did not forget to roundly abuse the HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

R. W. Emerson was now brought up, but being unwell did not prolong his speech. He thought the progress of free principles was slow wherever there were *little brains and big bellies!* And such he represented the state of things at the South. This is a new fact and deserves to be enquired into. If the converse of the proposition be true—*big brains and little bellies*—the crowd was complimented, for, excepting a few of the coloured persons on the ground, there was a general lack of dimensions. Mr. Emerson, in speaking of our robust principles in this cold northern climate, indulged in a remarkable explosion of antithetical transcedentalism. "Frost," said he, "*is good alike for men and apples!*" Pass up, Mr. E.

A song was sung.

Garrison spoke again. A Mr. Ballou spoke. The meeting dissolved with the day. The dews of evening fell, and the next morning the sun rose as in all former times."

From the New-York Express.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.—A great effort is making to divide these twin sisters of our common Union, and to create two or more families out of one that now, approaching a century, has acted very harmoniously. We have no idea that the effort will be successful, or that the Hotspurs engaged in the amiable duty of dissevering the family will, in the end, be more successful than their predecessors have been. The Southern wild men threaten that if the "Wilmot Proviso" is passed, they will dash the Union into a thousand pieces; and the Northern wild men threaten, that if it is not passed, they will do something worse. But in spite of the wild men, and in spite of the Provisoes, the Union, we are sure, will endure many lives beyond the lives of these threateners. The "Wilmot Proviso," passed or not passed, will not dissever this Union. So many Wilmot Provisoes have passed, from the Ordinance of 1787 to the incorporation of Oregon, that we are justified in saying that to the South; and as to the Northern feeling, after it stood the mode and manner of the annexation of Texas, it can stand almost anything.

It is a great mistake on the part of those who suppose that the Constitution, the *paper* charter, the mere contract, keeps this Union together. If nothing but a piece of parchment, written over, was the bond of this Union, we would not give any more for it than for a French paper Constitution, or for any other contract that it was the interest of men to break rather than to keep: but the Constitution of the United States is founded upon the self-interest of all the States,—the overruling SELF-INTEREST—and such an interest as Discord, or Treason, or Revolution, [illegible] North, and the North is necessary to the South, and hence the Union cannot be broken.

It is impossible for the reflecting Southern planter not to see that even Slavery cannot long exist in the United States, without and independent of the guarantees of the Federal Constitution. The whole world, save this Constitution, is against the institution. All South America, save Brazil, has abolished it. The English have cut loose from it in all their islands. The French have, in a revolutionary fervour, denounced it and sacrificed it. The Literature of all nations disowns and disclaims against it. It is not exaggeration at all to say that the common sentiment of all mankind is against it, save in Brazil, the United States, and the island of Cuba; and that the whole struggle of modern civilization is to get rid of it. But Slavery stands protected by the Federal Constitution of the United States; and as long as that Constitution exists, every American who respects that Constitution will respect all the guarantees in it, be he of the North, East, or West.

We are aware, however, that a general impression exists at the South, that Slavery is algothei Independent of this Northern Protection. It is forgotten there that the South is merely and chiefly an agricultural region; and that as in its commerce and manufactures it must rely mainly on other States, Federal or Foreign, it must therefore constantly come in contact with them. The South cannot stand aloof from all mankind, as the Chinese and Japanese do, with their peculiar institutions; but in seeking a market for its cotton, rice, and tobacco, it must employ the agency of foreign shipping, and take in return foreign or federal goods. Now, when these Southern institutions come in contact with the rest of mankind, they must be more or less influenced; but the amount of that influence has altogether depended upon the Federal Constitution. If it were not unlawful to steal slaves—if it were not in violation of the spirit and intent of the Federal Constitution—nothing could save the border slave States from a depopulation but an immediate sale of their slaves further South, and the crowding them South to shield new border States from like foreign influences. So, on the the sea coast, but for the Federal Constitution not a ship nor schooner could leave a Southern port without taking away more or less of its slave population. Retaliation might prevent this in some degree, but retaliation would stimulate insurrection, and large and insurrectionary bands would soon be organized in the free States "to give liberty to all mankind," but more particularly to the negro slave. If the North were for this driven out of Southern ports, the North would thus revenge itself, and the consequence would be civil war, stimulating servile war in its train. The only way the South would be able to protect itself would be in turning Chinese or Japanese; for the public feeling of Great Britan and of France now is more adverse to Slavery than any large part of the United States. No appeal then could be had from the North to these great powers, because the public sentiment in Europe now runs stronger against Slavery than in auy part of our own country.

Nor is the perpetuity of the Union of less importance to the North than to the South. The value of our commerce depends in a good degree upon it. The importance of the Southern market cannot well be exaggerated to us. Besides, upon an area so large as this Union now is, we have nearly all the benefits of a Free Trade in all the productions of varied climates and wide-spread latitudes and longitudes, with all the protection that nations can expect to have for their industry and labour. It is very true that if this Union were broken, we should be likely to add the immense British possessions upon this continent to some new Union of ours; and, in stretching that Union to the Pacific, realize in extent many of the blessings we have now from the Union as it is; but it would be a new Republic, with wars entailed upon it, and engendered by it, and involving us in troubles and calamities that we should make the greatest sacrifices to avoid.

Speculations like these, however, are so melancholy, that we hasten to cut them short; and the more ready are we to do it, because we can never indulge in any real apprehension that in our day this Union can really be shaken by either Northern or Southern fanaticism. Mere sectional parties have never flourished, and never can flourish, we feel sure, among a people so considerate and sound as ours is, in the main. Temporarily they may have growth and create alarm, as did the Nullification party in 1832; but the sound-thinking common-sense, in all parts of the United States is for the Union—the Union as it is, and the Union at all hazards,—even with great sacrifices, and amid great trials and vexations. When the orators have roared against the Union, and lashed themselves into a rage, the great body of the people have been but amused by their antics, and quietly abided their time, when they could consign such ranters and roarers to a private life. It must be made the interest of the enemies to the Union to break the Union, before the treason can succeed; and no such an interest is likely to arise in our day and generation.

From the Boston Atlas.

THE EVILS OF FALSE PHILANTHROPY.—In a notice of the July number of the *Christian Examiner*, which we published a week or two ago, we gave an extract from an article by the Rev. Dr. Peabody, of this city. The general subject of the article from which it is taken, is Slavery; that of the particular portion to which we refer, is the mischief done both by its false and by its well-meaning, though misguided opponents, as well as the obstacles by them thrown in the way of true and judicious seekers after its downfall. It is a fruitful theme, and it is well treated by its able and sound-minded exponent. No one, in this community, could well bring to the consideration of this subject a more unquestioned or unquestionably sincere philanthropy than this gentleman; but this is a philanthropy unfortunately not very common in these days—one intimately blended with sound, practical common sense. No one can more deeply or truly feel the mighty evils of Slavery, or more sincerely desire its extirpation than he. No where are its evils or its wrongs for a moment lost sight of or forgotten; yet they are, as is but too seldom done, treated in a Christian spirit, with justice, fairness, and a true liberality.

In connection with the subject of Slavery, comes up the question—who are the best friends to Freedom?—who are they from whom we may hope for the most aid in effecting the removal of this mighty curse. Dr. Peabody takes high ground on this point, yet one he is well able to maintain. The most potent enemies of the slave institution are resident in the slave States, and among slaveholders,—some of them even slaveholders themselves,—from whom he not only looks for most aid, but by whom alone, he insists, we can ever hope to see it overthrown.—This brings him very naturally to the obstacles and difficulties in the way of this "forlorn hope" of freedom. The worst of these he finds in the North, among the free States, and they the most vehement and loudest in their professed love for freedom, and their enmity to Slavery and its wrongs. The ground Mr. Peabody here assumes may, and there is no doubt it will, subject him to the fierce abuse and denunciation of these gentry, and none the less, because there is so much force, truth, and point in his views, as he expresses them. We subscribe in full to all he says and urges, in the extracts we have quoted. We rejoice that a gentleman of the high-standing, ability, and influence of Dr. Peabody, has had the moral courage thus to come forward and inculcate such sound views, at such a moment. It is indeed refreshing to meet, even once in a while, such sober common-sense, and practical philanthropy.

The evils of false, misguided and violent opposition to Slavery, the mischief done and the good prevented by it, are ably and convincingly given. No one can read it dispassionately and fail to see the force of his arguments, and the justice of his conclusions. Few can fail to be led—after a due reflection upon the importance of the spread of Anti-Slavery sentiment at the South, and the incalculable obstacles this violence, that can do no good anywhere, must interpose in the way of its spread there—to the inevitable and clear conviction, that after all, there are no worse enemies to freedom, no more real [illegible] man who has been, and who is now, paraded, feted biographized, lauded, and almost worshipped, as a champion of Abolition. We verily believe, that were it in the power of man to trace out to their final consequences and results, all the evil and harm done to the cause of freedom, and embrace at one view the vast aggregations of mischief done by the violent declarations, the indiscriminate revilings, and the extravagance of such false and harmful advocates—if they could but follow out all the good that might have been, but for them, we sincerely believe that all, even their present admirers among the number, would be amazed at the immense preponderance of mischief over good, produced by them in the world. We fervently believe, however, that the day is at hand when such men will not be allowed to monopolize, any longer, the cause of Anti-Slavery to its injury. In spite of their pernicious influence in checking and keeping back the Anti-Slavery feeling of the South, we believe the propitious moment is fast approaching, when such men will be seen and estimated as they deserve—their influence and their power for mischief gone forever.

In the extract we quoted, the evils of this false and malignant spirit of mock philanthropy are treated only in reference to its connection with Slavery.—The writer might have gone on and given a volume, if he had sought to trace the evidence of the same spirit and the evils, in connection with almost every question of the day, moral, political or religious. False philanthropy, malignity, usurping the garb of benevolence, are the prominent feature of the times, and everywhere they are most deadly foes to actual healthy progress. In nothing is there more meaning than in this connection, in the significant prayer—Save us from our friends, at least such hollow friends as these. Look where we will, at home or abroad, in Europe or America, in France or Germany—everywhere do we find traces of the same spirit, and everywhere do we also find it potent for the prevention of good. Perhaps the same pen that has so well traced its evil working in one case, may be induced to extend his far-seeing eye over other portions of the social and political horizon, and give to the world the benefit of his mature and sagacious counsels, in other points, even though of less seeming importance.

Selections.

From the [Worcester] Massachusetts Spy.

NATIONAL FAST.—Gov. Briggs having united with General Taylor in recommending the setting apart of the 3d of August as a public fast, in consequence of the prevalence of cholera in various sections of the country, the day will undoubtedly be observed as such by most of the religious societies of the Commonwealth.

A religsous observance of any kind, if performed in honesty and sincerity, and according to its nature and intent, bespeaks a mind disposed to do its duty, and, so far at least, it is worthy of commendation; but, when it is done simply for show, for worldly ostentation, to impose a falsehood on others, or to be seen of men, it is an abomination in the sight of heaven, and a species of blasphemy against the Most High. And, even where none of these motives operate, if the atttempt is made to conciliate the favour of heaven by the *form* of any observance whatever, when the heart is destitute of the *preparation* which entitles it to ask for what it seeks, we have the assurance that it is an offence, and that the petitions of such will not be heard.

Before entering, then, on so solemn an observance as that of a National Fast, it becomes us individually to ask ourselves "wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?" Have I done the duties and performed the obligations, and have I the preparation of mind, which entitle me to engage in such an observance? Is there no great National sin, unatoned for and unrepented of, which has, directly or indirectly had my sanction, and for which I am, thus, to some extent accountable? Can it or can it not, be justly said to our nation, as was said by the Prophet Isaiah, (Is. 10, 13—17) to Sodom and Gormorrah.

Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah:—Bring no more vain oblations, incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, *the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with*; it is iniquity, *even the solemn meeting*. Your new moons and appointed feasts my soul hateth, they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you, yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: YOUR HANDS ARE FULL OF BLOOD. Wash ye, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; *cease to do evil; learn to do well*, seek judgment, RELIEVE THE OPPRESSED, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."

The Scriptures abound with passages to show, that, while we *continue in wrong doing*, it is in vain for us to seek for favour by any religious observances. We are told on the highest authority, (Mat. V. 23.)

If thou bring thy gift before the altar, and there remember est that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; *first* be reconciled to thy brother, and *then* come and offer thy gift.

How appropriate then it is to the day, when we are asked to bring our sacrifice to the altar, for us to consider whether our brother hath "ought against us." Hath he who pines in chains aught against us, or against the nation, of which each of us constitutes a part of the sovereignty? If so, let us first be reconciled to him, by doing all we can do for him, before we offer our sacrifice.

We had hoped that Governor Briggs, in his proclamation, would have called the attention of the people to the LVIII chapter of Isaiah, where the nature of a true and acceptable fast is so well set forth. We make the following extract from it:

Wherefore have we fasted, say they and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul and thou takest no knowledge? Behold, in the day ye fast ye find pleasure, and exact all your labours. Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to *smite with the fist of wickedness*. Ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high.

Is it *such* a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to draw down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him?—Wilt thou call such a fast an acceptable day to the Lord?

Is not *this* the fast that I have chosen? *to loose the bands of wickedness*, to *undo the heavy burdens*, and LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE, AND THAT YE BREAK EVERY YOKE?

With all the scriptural evidence that abounds, of the nature of the true fast, and of our natural obligations in relation thereto, we trust that the occasion may be improved, by those who stand as teachers before the people, to impress upon their minds the character and extent of those obligations, and of their own duty as connected therewith. If this shall haply be the case then may we justly hope that the setting apart of the day has been productive of *some* good; but, if passing by those great national sins, which are a reproach to us, and which, day by day, and oftener the morning, rise up as a dark cloud in the face of heaven, we endeavour to conceal them from the sight, to shirk our own responsibility in relation to them, or to turn it all over upon others, we but increase our guilt and responsibility, and evil rather than good. Let us look to it, then, and our duties as true men and Christian citizens.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The following letter from our distinguished fellow-citizen, Dr. Howe, was, as we understand, addressed to one of his English friends and companions in the liberation of Greece. It has found its way into print in England. We copy it from an English pamphlet, entitled "SLAVERY AT WASHINGTON. Narrative of the heroic adventures of Drayton, an American trader, in the Pearl, coasting vessel, which was captured by American citizens, near the mouth of the Potomac, having on board seventy-seven men, women and children, endeavouring to escape from Slavery in the Capital of the American Republic, (in a letter from Dr. S. G. Howe, U. S.,) together with the proceedings upon Capt. Drayton's trial and coviction."

All who are familiar with Dr. Howe's philanthropic character,—particularly as shown in the participation for seven years in the War of Greek Independence, and in his more recent efforts for the Blind—will readily understand that his feelings must be strongly moved in behalf of the slave:—*Boston*

BOSTON, June 20th, 1848.

MY DEAR ——: I am pleased to hear by your last letter, that the views I expressed concerning the Mexican War meet your approbation. I know so well your liberal views of the country and its institutions, and your friendly regard for me, that I am sure you will not misunderstand me, when I seem to to speak dispairingly of what, by almost common consent, men uphold through evil report and through good report. Sometimes, when I read the praise bestowed on us by foreigners, I feel, as an American, that sort of guilty shame which one feels upon receiving praise which he knows he is utterly unworthy of. I love my country. I cannot, if I would, break the tender ties which naturally bind one to the land of one's birth and the home of one's childhood; but I hope I have outgrown that selfish and blind love which arrogates to itself the name of "patriotism," which is born of egotism and nurtured by ignorance, and which, in its turn, begets a brood of evil passions, out of which come hatred, strife, and war. I love my country; but I love the world more. I love my countrymen; but I love humanity more. I would fain promote the prosperity of Americans, but not at the expense of the interests and happiness of Europeans, Asiatics, and Africans.—certainly not at the expense of right. As for that vulgar love of notoriety, that enlargement and extension of individual vanity, which makes one covet for one's country, at whatever price, the admiration and envy of other countries—glory, honour, and the like—of course I have put off such childish things: only let my country *do* right, *act* nobly, and carry into public affairs the sublime morality which makes the man do unto others as he would be done by, and I will gladly leave the honour and glory to nations who still delight in the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

If there was anything which justified Americans in their feelings of national pride, it was that their country was looked to as a place of refuge for those fine spirits of Europe who could not brook the religious bigotry or political intolerance which forbade all hope of progress at home. But surely we can make no such boast now, for at this moment the spirit of reform and progress is abroad over all the nations of Europe; and in some respects they are teaching us to admire them, and to be ashamed of ourselves. For instance, I have lately returned from Washington, and I cannot help blushing at the thought that it is the only capital west of Constantinople where tyranny and oppression dare manifest themselves *openly*, and where despotism, in broad day, rivets the chain upon millions of slaves, and forges new ones for unborn generations. Yes!—Washington has not only its slave market, where men and women are sold like cattle, but its halls of legislation, in which laws are deliberately framed to perpetuate and extend Slavery through countless ages, and over vast regions of now unpeopled territory!

How can one boast of his Americanism, when he is obliged either to renounce his allegiance, or to become (in his capacity of citizen) a jailor, and punish men, by imprisonment among felons, for attempting to do deeds, more truly noble and generous, than those for which Parisians and Romans receive the thanks of their country and the praise of the world? Yes! the jail at Washington, a prison—not of a State but of the United States—a prison which every citizen of the United States helps to support, is used as a place of confinement and punishment of men who struck a blow, not for their own freedom, but for the freedom of others—for the rescue of men, women, and children, from a state of Slavery, the like of which Parisian and Roman, nay Russian nor Turk, never endured.

I went to Washington, mainly to see what could be done for the legal defence of the three white men who were imprisoned for attemptiug to rescue a large number of slaves and set them free; and I cannot perhaps make my letter more interesting to you than by relating what I have learned about the affair; it will be at least in striking contrast with those scenes recently witnessed by you in Rome.

Some time ago, a rough, hardy, generous man, named Drayton, part sailor, part trader, went to Washington in a small coasting vessel under his command. While there, he became acquainted with a black man, who, with his wife and five children, were held as *slaves* by a free citizen of this republic. Drayton became interested in their situation, and, yielding to their prayers, resolved to attempt their rescue. He directed them to come down to the wharf at noonday, when he was about to sail, and to mingle among the crowd of idlers who frequent such places. They came accordingly, and he contrived to get them, one by one, down to the companion-way, unperceived by the bystanders. He then closed the hatches, cast off from the wharf, made sail, and bore away his prizes to the State of Massachusetts, where they now live a free and happy family.

If this be a true version of the story—and I think it is—we need not wonder that Drayton longed to repeat, upon a larger scale, his practical experiment at emancipation. Who that has ever done a bold and generous deed, but sighed to do another more bold and generous?

Last winter he formed the bold and perilous plan of sailing, in a small coasting vessel, from Philadelphia, up the Patomac river, to Washington, and bring off by night, as many slaves as could crowd on board. They were to be carried down the Potomac, through that great inland sea, the Chesapeake Bay, then up the Delaware Bay, to a point of lauding in the State of Pennsylvania, where carriages were to be in readiness to convey them beyond the reach of pursuit.

This plan required the aid and assistance of persons of wealth and intelligence; and it was found; for, as you must know, many in this country, who believe they have no right to interfere with Slavery in the independent States of the United States, hold that Slavery has not even the shadow of legality in the District of Columbia, because that belongs as much to the free States as to the slave States. They say, "It is our soil, and we will do all we can to purge it of the guilt of Slavery." Be this as it may, Drayton found friends who hired a vessel for him called the "Pearl," and supplied the necessary funds. The plan was rendered the more perilous because it had to be entrusted to a great number of ignorant negro slaves, anv one of whom might betray it. Drayton, however, undertook to arrange everything, and to risk everything, asking only that his wife and children should be provided for, in case of the dreadful event of his failure, and of his falling in the hands of his enraged enemies. He made known his plan to about fifty slaves, as many as he thought his frail craft could carry safely in the open sea, and, though they guarded the secret carefully from every white man, they communicated it to so many blacks, that, when Drayton came up in the Pearl, they crowded down to the wharf at midnight in such numbers that he was forced to cast off suddenly, and soon found himself with seventy-seven men, women, and children on board, besides the two white men who had come with him. Not a moment was to be lost; and away they swept down the broad Potomac, flying for liberty and life, FROM the capital of the "freest and most enlightened nation upon the earth," and steering clear of every vessel that bore the stars and stripes of the boasted Republic.

The daylight broke upon them, and, oh, God! if it is given to the spirits of the just made perfect to linger about the scenes of their early love, what must have been the sight revealed to the spirit of Washington on that peaceful sabbath morn? There, skulking under the shadow of his loved Mount Vernon, fled fast away toward the ocean, a frail bark, laden with fourscore men, women, and children, striving to escape from the cruel tyranny which reigned in the city honoured by his name; their hearts sinking with terror, as they looked back upon the spires and the dome which bore aloft, in mockery, the cross of Christ and the flag of freedom, over the slave-market, the slave-prison, and the slave-owners; their hope rising to gladness, as they looked forward to the wild ocean, as to the desert over which they were wandering from the Egypt they left behind! And that city of its founding, what an aspect did it present to his benignant but saddened vision! What noise and confusion, what wrath and cursing, what fear and trembling! Masters and mistresses, in rage and ruined—robbed of their hewers of wood and drawers of water—robbed of the bones and muscles of the human beasts of burden, by the sweat of whose brows, and the toil of whose limbs they have lived in laziness; the magistrates hurrying to take counsel; the officers beating about upon the scent of the fugitives; the slaveholding Senators and Representatives increasing the turmoil, cursing the interference with their right, and threatening their compeers from the North, who hastened to purge themselves by solemn assurances of want of all knowledge of the plot, and all sympathy with the liberators. Meantime the mob gathers together; it swells to thousands, arms itself, and goes about threatening to *emeute* the free presses, and drive out the free men, just as the mobs of of Paris and Berlin break in pieces thrones and drive out tyrants. *'Vive la liberte! a bas les tyrans!'* cry the Frenchmen. 'Hurrah for Slavery! Down with universal liberty! Damnation to those who meddle with our slaves!' cry the Americans.

During all this time, no tidings were heard of the runaways, and no knowledge was obtained of the directions they had taken; but the whole neighbourhood had become aroused. The slaves who had been out in the night were examined; some of them were whipped; and, amid the din and turmoil of the whites, was heard the agonizing shrieks of poor wretches who had failed to get on board the Pearl; until one of them—a mere boy—was so cut into the quick by the cruel 'cat,' that he confessed all he knew. Instantly a steamer was manned by *free* and *fierce* republicans; the steam was urged up, and away they went, in hot pursuit. Meantime the little Pearl had glided down the river many leagues, until she approached its broad mouth, where it empties itself in the great Chesapeake Bay—an inland sea—which began to swell with a rising tempest. The night was coming on; they had seen no sign of pursuit; they thought their course was unknown; they gave themselves up to a joyful feeling of security; they ran their vessel into a small cove, dropped anchor, and were soon asleep. But the slave hunters were upon their track, furious as tigers in the pursuit. Twice did they pass, in their steamboat, the little cove, and very near the Pearl, when, at last, just as their stock of coal was exhausted, they discovered their prey, and, dashing suddenly on board, took them completely by surprise. Indeed, the most of the negroes, worn out with the excitement, the hope, the pains, and the labour of the past day and night, were asleep under the hatches, which were saddenly fastened down upon them. Then went up the shouts of savage joy and exultation from the captors, mingled with the cries and groans of their poor victims, as the steamboat took the Pearl in tow, and sailed proudly in triumph towards the capital of the Republic. Then did the Potomac present a scene from the dark drama of the slave trade, which, if enacted on the Thames, the Seine, the Neva, or even the Dardenelles, would have roused a storm of indignation in the whole surrounding country. Yes! had these slave-hunters approached with their prey, so taken in the toils, any capital in Christendom, excepting Washington, they would have been received with hisses and scorn, and their victims have been torn from their grasp by a justly indignant populace. But their return to the capital of the Republic was hailed as a triumph; they were received with shouts of gratulation; a wild joy thrilled through the city; the crowd ran eagerly together; and hardly could the poor negroes be carried in safety to their prison, so eager were the multitude to get hold of Drayton and his two white companions, and wreak their vengeance upon them.

I will not dwell upon the sad fate of these poor slaves, who, catching here and there a word about the glorious revolutions of Europe, foolishly thought they too were men, and might be free. Hurried off to the rice and cotton fields of the far South, they may have to pine away under the lash wielded by free men. But long as is my letter, I must add a word about Drayton and his companions. I found great difficulty in being admitted to a sight of them, for they were subjected to an imprisonment far more close and cruel than I have ever known in this country, even in the case of murderers. By dint, however, of the influence of two noble members of Congress, who have dared to stand up and stem the torrent of public fury, I was allowed to enter and see the men, in presence of the jailor. They had been kept *au secret*, as the French have it, that is, cut off from all communications with each other, with their friends, and with the world. The severity was now relaxed, and their counsel was admitted to see them. I found Drayton to be a tall man, of iron frame, and strong, determined features; quiet, yet stern and unflinching. He had fared hardly in his narrow stone cell, without a bed to lie upon; and yet he quailed not, and complained not. He seemed to he've made up his mind to endure the worst, and

and so many more good women. in the South—the pressure of public opinion is becoming so strong, the moral feeling is becoming so active, the sense of religious duty is becoming so keen, the prickings of conscience are becoming so sharp, and above all. the progress of humanity is becoming so rapid—that Slavery must soon yield.

There is one circumstance in the life of Lafayette. which strikes us as furnishing a remarkable proof of the inconsistency and guilt of the proceedings against Drayton. The Southern men, and even the Northern men, say that it is not only wrong and illegal, but cowardly, to go by night into other States and steal away slaves; though they admit the right of the slaves to run away. When Lafayette was imprisoned at Olmutz—legally imprisoned, if the Austrian goverument was a legal one—an American gentleman made a very gallant, and almost successful attempt to rescue him; that attempt was looked upon here as a noble, generous, and heroic deed, and the author of it would have been carried in triumph from Maine to Georgia had he been there. Such was the indignation which was felt at the imprisonment of *one* man for a political offence, and such the sympathy with his would-be rescuer. But when *fourscore* men, women, and children are made slaves for life without any offence, and one American Drayton, attempts their rescue, he is hooted at, from Maine to Georgia. as a wretch; and nothing but the granite walls of a prison save him from the fury of a mob. to be reserved for the slow vengeance of the law.—Such. however, is poor humanity; such is the result of ignorance, error, and wrong. May God hasten the day when they shall give place to knowledge and truth! Yours. &c. S. G. HOWE.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1849.

The Free Soilers and the Democrats.

The Free Soil Party has arrived at one of those critical periods of political existence. which are the climacterics of parties. It remains to be seen whether it has strength of constitution enough to pass through it with unbroken stamina. Young parties like young children have to encounter a certain routine of infantile diseases, which are thought to be beneficial to those whose constitutions are sufficiently robust to bear up under them. but which are very apt to carry off the puny and ill-conditioned. Thus the Anti-Masonic Party waxed in favour and stature for several years. and promised to grow up to a towardly youth; but it was seized with the contagious confluent Democracy which soon carried it off, and it left not even a name behind. The third Political Party, too, a ricketty and scrofulous abortion from its birth, fell an easy victim to the Barnburning epidemic which prevailed last year, grateful for being so easily put out of its pain, which had long made its life a burden to it. And now the general law of political infancy comes to be applied to the Free Soil Party,—and its friends and neighbours, to say nothing of its enemies, are watching its symptoms anxiously to judge whether the omnivorous Democracy will be too much for it at this time, or whether it will vanish this time or [illegible] longer, until a more violent access devours it up. For, unluckily, the diseases of political, unlike those of individual, infancy do not exempt the patient from a second attack.

The protracted existence of a Third Party in this country is a moral and political impossibility A reasonable hope of political success is the life-blood, the breath of the nostrils, of a political party. Deprived of this, it can have but a diseased and spasmodic activity, not springing from an exuberance of life, but from an occasional and temporary excitement. The good impulse, to which it often owes its being, can only carry it through its very earliest stage of existence. It grows weaker and weaker with the lapse of time. and soon looses its motive power, if not renewed by the magic of success, or, at least, of hope. In the end, a third party must either dwindle away through the discouragement or desertion of its members, or gravitate to one or the other of the great forces of the political world, according to their relative degrees of attraction. The Free Soil Party is at this moment trembling towards the Democratic point. In many respects their affinities are identical, and could a union be effected, the Coalition party would, unquestionably, have the control of the politics of the Northern States where it existed in good faith. But there are disturbing influences which are at work on both sides to prevent a cordial understanding—an *entente cordiale*—between the treating powers The mutual fear of being overreached in the bargain, the hungering after the fleshpots of office which the Democratic Israel well remember to have been enjoyed in the Egypt of a Southern alliance, and the apprehensions of the Free Soilers that the little they ask for will be conjured away from them in the hugger-mugger of political intrigue, must make the union of the parties difficult where it is in supposition, and dubious where it has been imperfectly effected.

The misfortune of the Free Soil Party is that it has no ground to stand upon. There is no such thing as an inch of Free Soil from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the St. Lawrence to whatever may be for the moment the flying frontier of the Model Republic For even if it were foundation enough for a party to try and make the newly-stolen territories merely the hunting-ground and not the immediate *demesne* of Slavery, that foundation has vanished from under them. For slaves are already in California, and more doubtless on their way thither. And even supposing the possibility of the Wilmot proviso passing both houses, and supposing further the impossibility of President Taylor's sanctioning it, it would be but mere *brutum fulmen*, of no effect as long as the labour of slaves was wanted there. There is not power enough in the general government, even if there were the wish, which there is not, to hinder the Slaveholders from going whither they will and carrying their household gods along with them. The protestations of hostility to the extension of Slavery hrown out by the masses of Northern Whigs and Democrats, are mere sprats to catch gudgeons, as hollow as their professions of belief that Slavery cannot exist in the new territories. That this is the opinion of the Free Soil Party is shown by the fact of its continued existence. Did the Free Soilers actually believe these assertions, they would have nothing to do but to repent and return to the house of their Whig and Democratic Fathers. What would be the probability, then, of any such policy being carried out, if it should be adopted as a sop to the Northern Cerberus? Just as great as that the People of Massachusetts will carry out the *ad captandum* resolutions of their legislature passed any time for the last ten years.

The Free Soil Party now stands, we apprehend, about where the Liberty Party stood before its euthanasia. That is, it professes to attack Slavery wherever it can be reached, *constitutionally*. There is as much virtue in that long word as Touchstone says there is in that little monysyllable "if"! It makes all the difference between doing something and doing nothing. The chief difference between the Free Soil and the Liberty Parties, and it is a great one, is, that in the former the respectable and honourable members of it give it its tone and character. And yet, such is their insensate folly, that they permit their leading organ to be branded in the back with the name of Emancipator, and have gone out of their way to make the Rev. Joshua Leavitt one of the Committee to call their State Convention in Massachusetts, although that gentleman is now an inhabitant of New York! We have a high respect for the gentlemen who compose the leadership of the Free Soil Party, but we fear from these specimens of their philosophy, as well as from their bungling of Mr. Palfrey's election, that they lack the wisdom that is profitable to direct a political movement. Their character is their main stock in trade, and they seem foolishly, not to say criminally, careless in their investment of it. We think they would do well to admit some shrewd business bred Democrats into the partnership who could teach them how to manage their affairs. If they do not know enough, as the proverb hath it, "to go in when it rains," we think it would be advisable for them, considering how hard a shower is like to set in, to have Mr. Hallett or Mr. Somebody-else to hold an umbrella over their heads. But, seriously, we must forever think, if they do not make use of their present opportunity to trip up the heels of the Whigs that they are past praying for. Their damnation is sure. We know, to be sure, that they can do nothing effectual should they get the control of the government by taking at the flood the present tide in their affairs, as long as they persist in wearing a millstone around their necks as a life-preserver, but they will never believe this until they have tried it, and the sooner they go through the experiment the better the chance of their profiting by their experience.

There are, but two consistent political movements now on foot in this country. One is that of Mr. Gerrit Smith and his followers, who hold the Constitution to be an Anti-Slavery instrument, and are trying to get into power for the purpose of incontinently abolishing Slavery in all the States by the paramount power of Congress. These gentlemen are perfectly consistent: and if they can but succeed in opening the eyes of this stiff-necked and perverse generation by their verbal logic and dialectic hairsplittings, and convince them that nobody has understood the fundamental law, not even the framers of it, until they were providentially raised up to expound it. and then if they can but prevail on a majority of the Nation to join with them in their philanthropic purpose, we shall no doubt witness a great deliverance,—provided always, the Slaveholding States are obliging enough to remain and be operated upon. The other consistent party is the Garrisonian Disunionists, who accepting the adjudged meaning of the Constitution to be the Law of the Land, refuse to be bound by it or to swear to support it, and, standing outside of it, try to destroy it, or to persuade the North to withdraw its allegiance to it. These parties are, neither of them, numerically powerful; but there is a wide difference between their moral force. A small political party, however honest, which proposes to effect its ends by political machinery, is essentially absurd, because extreme disproportion of means to ends is a natural element of the ridiculous. To see a handful of honest gentlemen struggling to raise one another to office, for the sake of doing what no other sane man believes they have the right or the power of doing must be allowed to be a rather comic spectacle. But there is no disproportion between moral means and ends however distant or however vast.

An honest Protestant, who stands in a position unmistakeably disinterested, possesses a power which is the greater because it has no elements by which to calculate its extent. It is a natural law, and not a miracle, that one such shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. For instance, Garrison and the obscure handful he gathered around him at the commencement of the Anti-Slavery movement created a greater panic at the South and a stronger disturbance at the North than the whole Free Soil Party last year, with an Ex-president at its head, and ex-governors, and ex-senators by the dozen at its tail. Our Belshazzars [illegible] sence of the Daniel who expounded the handwriting upon their walls, rather than at the thundering of the Medes and Persians at the gates of their Babylon. The sagacious Slaveholders foresaw the Free Soil Party and whatever other shapes the Anti-Slavery spirit thus evoked would take, though darkly and as in a glass, and they therefore insisted on the extermination of the Wizard and his crew. The same power is still exerted by them only in a vastly greater degree and over a vastly wider field. Whether the Free Soilers throw away their chance of incorporation with the Democrats or improve it, we shall still try and make them and the rest of the nation as uncomfortable as we can. The Agitation shall be kept up as long as we have breath and strength, until the political battery is brought into the right position. There is another plan of political action as yet untried, and which, though not the right one, would be more effectual than any of them, of which we will speak at another time.—E. Q.

The Third of August at Worcester—Father Mathew.

The Liberator of last week contains a report of the meeting held at Worcester, on the 3d inst. to celebrate the anniversary of West India Emancipation. The most interesting incident of the occasion was the details, as related by Mr. Garrison, of the interview of Dr. Bowditch and himself with Father Mathew, some account of which was given in the letter of our Boston correspondent in the last *Standard*. The *Liberator* contains Mr. Garrison's statement in full which we copy:

Interview with Father Mathew.

On Friday morning, July 27th. Dr. H. I. Bowditch and myself went to the Adams House, in order to obtain an introduction to Father Mathew, and to be sure that the letter of the Committee, inviting him to participate in the celebration of that great and glorious event, the entire abolition of British West India Slavery, failed not to be put into his hands. Fortunately, we found him disengaged, and were introduced to each other by our esteemed friend, William A. White, of Watertown. What transpired during the interview, (which was a very brief one, as we felt unwilling to trespass upon his time, and as we immediately perceived that the object of our visit was not particularly agreeable to him,) was substantially as follows:

Turning to me, Father Mathew said—'Mr. Garrison, your name is very familiar to me.' 'Yes,' I said, smiling, 'I am somewhat notorious, though not as yet very popular.' He then added—'You have some very warm friends in Cork.' I told him I was aware of the fact, and also that in Dublin and many other parts of Ireland, there were many who deeply sympathized with the Anti-Slavery movement in this country. After expressing the strong desire I had felt to see him during my last visit to Ireland, and my great disappointment in not being able to visit Cork, I said—'In addition to the pleasure of taking you by the hand, and welcoming you to America, we have come to extend to you, in behalf of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, an invitation to be present at the celebration of the anniversary of British West India emancipation at Worcester, on Friday next. Here is a letter, containing an invitation in an official shape, which you are requested to read at your leisure, and an answer as you may think duty requires.' Taking the letter, with some agitation and embarrassment of manner he said, gesticulating in a somewhat deprecative manner, as though an indecent or unworthy proposition had been made to him—'I have as much as I can do to save men from the Slavery of intemperance, without attempting the overthrow of any other kind of Slavery! Besides, it would not be proper for me to commit myself on a question like this, under present circumstances. I am a Catholic Priest; but, being here to promote the cause of temperance, I should not be justified in turning aside from my mission, for the purpose of subserving the cause of Catholocism.' 'True, you would not,' I replied—'for, in that capacity, you would occupy very narrow ground, and be acting for a sectarian object. But I do not perceive any analogy in the case supposed, to the one presented to you. The cause of liberty and emancipation, like that of temperance, covers the whole ground of humanity, and is as broad as the whole earth; and, therefore, you may as freely advocate the one as the other.' 'O,' said he, 'I am not in favour of Slavery—I should never think of advocating it—though I don't know as we can say that there is any specific injunction against it in the Scriptures.' 'O,' said I, interrupting him, and placing my hand on my heart, 'the injunction is here—inside of every human being.' 'Catholic priests are not in favour of Slavery,' he replied. 'Do you intend visiting the Slave States?' I inquired, and on receiving an affirmative answer, I said—'Well, I am confident you will find at the South, Catholic priests and Catholic laymen who are slaveholders and slave buyers.' In order that there should be no room for misconception, I distinctly said to him, 'The Abolitionists have no wish or design to divert you from the great mission which you have come to America to prosecute; on the contrary, they feel a deep and lively interest in that mission, and desire that your efforts may be crowned with abundant success. But they trust that, while you are in the country, you will occasionally find an opportunity, both in public and in private, to admonish your countrymen to be true to liberty, and to give no countenance to Slavery or its abettors; for there is great need of such counsel, as they are giving the weight of their religious and political influence to the side of the Slave Power. They hold the key of the slave's dungeon, as the balance of political power is in their hands. Moreover, the anniversary of British West India emancipation was deemed by us an event in which you would feel a special interest, and might participate with great propriety. We have not forgotten,' I continued, 'that, seven years ago, an Address was sent from Ireland, signed by Daniel O'Connell, Theobald Mathew, and seventy thousand others, invoking the Irishmen and Irishwomen in America to join with the Abolitionists, as the only true and consistent friends of liberty; and we feel, therefore, that we are not intrusive, but rather warranted, in asking you to renew an appeal so important, and to which they have given little or no heed.' 'O,' said he, as if the act had long since passed from his memory into oblivion, 'I do now recollect that I signed such an Address; and I also recollect that, at that time, it subjected me to a good deal of odium.' This was said as if he had winced under it—under the odium cast by American traffickers in human flesh! Of what, then, should he be proud on earth? Such odium he should have gloried in, as the evidence of his fidelity to the cause of down-trodden humanity.

Finding nothing was to be gained by protracting the interview, and feeling deeply saddened by the result, we took our leave, again expressing the hope that he would attentively read the letter we had just put into his hands, and answer it at his earliest convenience. To that letter, he has not had the courtesy to make any reply.

I have endeavoured to state what was said at this interview by Father Mathew and myself with as much verbal accuracy as possible, and believe that I have not only given the substance, but nearly the exact words of the conversation between us. What gave me special surprise, and inflicted the deepest wound upon my spirit, was the apparent lack of all sympathy for the slave, of all interest in the Anti-Slavery movement. Not a syllable fell from his lips, expressive of pleasure that the American slave has his faithful and devoted advocates—or of joy at the emancipation of eight hundred thousand bondmen in the British isles! It is with great sorrow of heart that I lay these facts before America, Ireland, and the world.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

The letter of invitation which was left in the hands of Father Mathew is as follows:

Boston, July 26, 1849.

Esteemed Friend of Humanity:

The anniversary of the most thrilling event of the nineteenth century, the abolition of Slavery in the British West India islands, will be celebrated at Worcester, in this Commonwealth, on Friday, Aug. 3, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. In behalf of that Society, the undersigned are instructed to extend to you a cordial and an earnest invitation to be present, and to participate in the proceedings of the meeting, in such manner as may be most agreeable to your feelings. This they gladly now do; and, having no doubt of your heartfelt interest in this great event, and of your desire to see Slavery everywhere abolished, on America, as well as on British soil, they trust that you will be able so to make your arrangements as vastly to enhance the pleasure of the occasion, by your quickening presence. The celebration is one in which all the friends of freedom may joyfully unite, without distinction of sect, party, or country. A grand mass meeting of the people is confidently anticipated at Worcester, and able and distinguished advocates of liberty have pledged themselves to be present.

In the year 1842, an '*Address from the people of Ireland to their countrymen in America*,' signed by Ireland's lamented champion, DANIEL O'CONNELL, yourself, and *seventy thousand* other inhabitants of Ireland, was sent to this country, in which it was truly declared that 'Slavery is a sin against God and man—all who are not for it must be against it—none can be neutral;' and that 'it is in vain that American citizens attempt to conceal their own and their country's degradation under this withering curse.' Its final appeal was in the following emphatic language:—'Irishmen and Irishwomen! *treat the coloured people as your equals, as brethren.* By all your memories of Ireland, continue to love liberty—hate Slavery—CLING BY THE ABOLITIONISTS—and in America, *you will do honour to the name of Ireland.*

[Signed by] DANIEL O'CONNELL,
THEOBALD MATHEW.
And SEVENTY THOUSAND [illegible] other inhabitants of Ireland.

We subjoin also two letters, which were read at the meeting, from Messrs. Palfrey and Sumner.

Cambridge, July 27, 1849.

Dear Sir:

I thank you for the honour done me by yourself, and the Committee which you represent, in your invitation to be present at and address your meeting on the third of August. I am much gratified to be favourably remembered by any of the friends of human rights, however I may differ in opinion from them in respect to modes of operation. I shall not be able to ecmply with your request. I have engagements at home which occupy me, and I have not addressed any public assembly since my return from Washington last spring.

Should I accept your invitation, I might have to say what you would not approve, and to hear many things said in which I could not concur. Among other things, I dissent entirely from the opinion of your Society, that the proper remedy for the horrible evil and wrong of Slavery in this country is a disunion of the States. But, no difference of opinion from your friends on any question, however important, will, I hope, ever blind me to the noble courage, constancy and disinterestedness with which, after the manner that seemed to them wisest, they have struggled against the giant sin of the present day, or make me forget the great value of their services in awakening the public mind to the enormity of the evil. Few of your Society, I suppose, are opulent; but I have been recently told, on good authority, that there are those who expend for its objects, year by year, as much as for the support of themselves and their families. I know of nothing in the history of philanthropic action to parallel a pecuniary liberality like this, while the sacrifices which have been made in other ways have been such as perhaps to manifest even more the sincerity and force of the sentiment that has prompted them. No right mind, however it may be dissatisfied with your methods of action, can fail to admire its vigour, fearlessness, and generosity. In these qualities, you have shone 'as lights to the world.'

That your labours, and those of all who have the same great ultimate object, may be guided towards its attainment by that wisdom which is profitable to direct, is the wish and prayer of,

Dear sir, your sincere friend,
and humble servant,
JOHN G. PALFREY.

Samuel May, Jr.

Boston, August 1, 1849.

Dear Sir:—An Anti-Slavery engagement in Boston will render it impossible for me to join the friends of Freedom, according to your invitation, in celebrating, at Worcester, the anniversary of that great British act, which gave liberty to eight hundred thousand slaves.

It is fit that this day should be commemorated. Nor can I doubt that, as time advances, and as the elements of true greatness are more clearly discerned, it will take its place, by universal consent, among the most illustrious days of history.

As Christianity is higher than Heathenism—as Christ is higher than murderous Mars—so is the serene glory of that achievement of peaceful legislation higher than any glory of battle. Waterloo and Buena Vista may be forgotten, or may live only as offensive land-marks of a barbarous civilization, but that act of Justice and Benevolence can never pass from the grateful recollection of mankind. Nor can it stand alone. It is the harbinger of those great days of the Future, destined to be emblazoned by the victories of peace.

Monarchical England, with the Act of Emancipation in her hands, points the way for republican America to follow. May God give us strength for the high endeavour!

Recognizing in you and your associates, the generous self-sacrifice, and the sincere devotion to the slave, which have made you the pioneers in his unpopular cause, I cannot fail to offer you my homage. Let me add my earnest prayer that the energies, thus nobly consecrated to Freedom, may be so directed as best to promote the great end.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES SUMNER.

William Lloyd Garrison.

Abolition and Anti-Slavery

The Americans probably are the nicest people in the world. To split a hair 'twixt North and Northwest side is no feat at all for a Yankee; he only begins to be nice when he strikes between North, Northwest, and North Northwest, half West, and divides the subdivisions of the points of a hair beyond the power of microscopic observation. Especially is this shown in the national love of an abstraction. The true Yankee delights hardly in anything so much as to prove the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, and will disavow the one as the very quintessence of logical error, and affirm the other as the most beautiful and exactest deduction of metaphysical science. But what he above all things else has a genius for is to show that though he believes in tweedle-dum, and disbelieves in tweedle-dee, that to live in constant violation of that which he swears by, as an abstraction, and never, by any accident to refrain from committing this which he abstractly denounces, is the very topmost pinnacle of human virtue, and the very acmé of manly honesty.

Roguery accordingly consists not in being a rogue but in holding rascally opinions; and of course the counter proposition holds true, that honesty is an Orthodox belief though there may be at the same time very villainous behaviour Our literature, should we ever have any, will all run into Dictionaries. Philology is your only true study, and Noah Webster is the only American scholar yet vouchsafed to us. If in addition to bad spelling, he had added to his work an Appendix of words signifying very bad things in definition, but very good in practise, his glory would have been complete. He might have appended to his Spelling Book, also A Manual for Young Statesmen: Showing that public virtue consists in private belief, and not in the conduct of public affairs, and teaching in a brief and comprehensive method, that inasmuch as all young Americans are so many suckling statesmen, they could not begin too early to learn that an acknowledgement of abstract good is an all-sufficient title to commit any sort of concrete rascality.

The Post-Master General, the Hon. J. Collamer, late of Vermont, has been trying his new-fledged official wings in a flight in this philosophical atmosphere. Some one in Alabama has written him a letter saying that in the recent Congressional caucusses, in a certain district of that State, he was charged with being a "downright Abolitionist," and was called by the Democratic candidate a "black-hearted sulphurious Abolitionist." The Post-master feels called upon to defend himself from such a charge, and does it after this wise:

You, and all men of ordinary discernment, must be sensible that those who use such epithets, generally regard the people they address as ignorant and excitable enough to be influenced more by vituperation and personal abuse than either by facts or reason. It is therefore a course which cannot be stopped by anything I can either say or do, all I can say is that I am not now, nor have I ever been, an Abolitionist, and I have always received the most bitter opposition from the Abolition party in my own State I have always held that nothing should be done by the General Government in relation to the subject of Slavery in the several States. *I have always discountenanced and opposed all measures public or private intending to interfere with or disturb the institution as existing with the States, as recognized by the Constitution.* At the same time it is due to justice and myself to say, *I am an Anti-Slavery man, that is, I regard Slavery as a great political and moral evil, and think nothing should be done by this Government to increase or extend it.*

Mr. Collamer means to imply that an Abolitionist is one who holds that something "should be done by the General Government in relation to the subject of Slavery in the States." Probably he knows better than this, for no such proposition has been maintained by the Abolitionists. But let that pass. He and they are evidently at issue when he comes to state his position more distinctly, though the great difference seems to be, according to his own showing, that they oppose, and he upholds, that which both agree is wrong. To be an Abolitionist, according to the Post-master General, is not only to regard Slavery as a very great political and moral evil, but to act in regard to it in accordance with that belief; but an Anti-Slavery man—*anti:—against*—as we are on definitions—says the same high authority, is one who holds precisely the same opinion of the system, and acts as if he thought precisely the reverse. The distinction is very clear, and very important, and Mr. Collamer has very accurately defined the position of his party, as well as his own, to which party,—the Whig—we may very safely accord the distinction it covets of being called the Anti-Slavery party,—i. e. a party against Slavery, and against its Abolition,—opposed to evil, and in favour of its continuance—an enemy to wrong, and an enemy to disturbing it. As even this is better than downright pro-slavery in word and deed, so it is getting to be rather too Anti-Slavery for the South. We hope to live long enough to see it not Abolition enough for the North, when such men as Post-Master General Collamer will be sent to their own place.

The letter of this official to his Southern correspondent touches on another point in which we have a slight personal concernment. The same candidate who called the poor innocent from Vermont sulphurious and black-hearted also declared that the Post-master General can send by the mails or withhold therefrom such documents as he pleases, and that since the official life of the present incumbent commenced, "the South has been flooded with Abolition documents." He says:

The Post-master General has no power, direction or control over the matter to be mailed. It is regulated entirely by law. The laws of Congress establishing and regulating the Post Office Department are in all parts of the country open and accessible to all men. These laws give neither to any Post-master nor to the head of the Department any authority or control whatever over any printed paper or letter which any person may think proper to convey by mail. When such a paper or letter, properly directed, is presented to the Post-master to be mailed, he has no right or power, nor has the Post-master General any authority to give him power to open and examine it to ascertain its contents or to suppress or refuse to mail it. No Post-master General ever attempted the exercise of any such power, and precisely the same instructions, regulations, rights, powers and duties exist now in the Department and offices, which have existed many years before my accession to office, and no other. All this is known, or can be known, to any man who desires to know the truth. How gross and unjustifiable then must be the representations of any man who attempts to make the people believe that I am, or this administration, or even the President is in any degree, answerable for the sentiments contained in the printed and written papers which all men have the power to send in the mails, and which no one has the power to prevent.

All which, we trust, will put to rest the insinuations which have appeared from time to time in Southern papers that the appearance of the *Standard* at the South has something to do with the accession to power of the present Administration. But if the law be, as unquestionably it is, as stated by Mr. Collamer, has his Department no duty to perform when Southern Post-masters refuse to receive or deliver papers of a certain character sent to their offices, and letters, which are deemed obnoxious, are tampered with, by form of law or otherwise, as in the case of Barrett in Spartanburg?

Department of State,
Washington, June 9, 1849.

Sir: Your letter of the 7th instant, soliciting for Henry Hambleton, a coloured man a passport or protection, is received, and, in reply, I have to inform you that passports are not granted by this department to persons of colour; and that protections are only given to them when they are in the service of the diplomatic agents, &c. of the United States, going abroad.

Hambleton's certificate of nativity is herewith returned.

I am, sir, respectfully your obedient servant,
JOHN M. CLAYTON.

Edward Hurst, Esq. Philadelphia, Penn.

We again copy Mr. Clayton's letter as his assertion that passports are not given to persons of colour is attracting a good deal of attention in the party prints, and is not only disputed but disproved. The Whigs are defending the Whig Secretary for following precedent, though some of them profess to deprecate its existence, and advocate its abandonment. It does not, however, seem to occur to them to ask Mr. Clayton, if he has another chance, to forget alleged precedents and set a better example. Some of the Democrats, on the other hand, not heretofore distinguished for their zeal in behalf of the African race, and some of them rather notorious in past times for their opposition to negro suffrage, are extremely indignant at the honourable Whig Secretary for this act of despotism, and are hunting up old passports to show that it is entirely without excuse. These, fortunately, it is not difficult to find. The (Salem Mass.) *Essex Co. Freeman* publishes, are for instance, given when Andrew Jackson was President, and James Forsyth Secretary of State, to the late Rev. Peter Williams of this city. It is as follows:

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
To all whom these presents shall come, Greeting.
No. 4189.

Description—Age 50 years; stature, 5 feet 6 inches, Eng: forehead, high: eyes, hazel; nose, broad; mouth, ordinary; skin, pointed; hair, black: complexion, yellowish; face, round and full.

Signature of the bearer, Peter Williams [*]

I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, hereby request all whom it may concern, to permit safely and freely to pass, Rev. Peter Williams, a CITIZEN of the United States, and in case of need to give him all lawful aid and protection.

Given under my hand and the impression of the Seal of the Department of State, at the city of Washington, the 17th day of March, A. D. 1836, in the 60th year of the Independence of these United States.

L. S. State's office.

(*Gratis*) Jos. Forsyth.

*In his own handwriting.

Besides this the *Freeman* says that it has the record of a passport given to Robert Purvis and his wife who went to Europe in 1834. Here are two facts against Mr. Clayton's precedent, and no doubt it would be found upon investigation not only that his assertion is entirely without foundation, but that, on the contrary, the custom of granting passports to coloured people at the Secretary of States' office is one completely established and of many years' standing. We doubt indeed if Mr. Clayton could bring a single act of any of his predecessors to justify his own. We know that one was granted by Mr. Buchanan to Mr. B. V. B. James, a coloured man, who is now in Africa, and that Mr. George Scott, "a free man of colour, born in the State of Virginia," who is still somewhere abroad, has one in his possession for his own protection signed by Secretary Upshur. Here is precedent enough, one would think, to satisfy the most fastidious conscience.

Mr. Clayton also says that protections are not given to persons of colour except when they are in the service of diplomatic agents. We wonder that this should have escaped the diligent attention of our neighbour of the *Post*, who seems to be a good deal moved by this matter, for it is as common to grant protections to coloured seamen [in our Custom Houses as it is to white. Here is one, for instance, taken out by Mr. Wm. P. Powell for one of the men under his care no longer ago than Monday last.

[No. 1533]

SEAMEN'S PROTECTION.

I, Hugh Maxwell, Collector of the District of New York, do hereby certify that John Davis an American seaman aged 33 years. or thereabouts, of the height of 5 feet 3½ inches, black hair, yellow complexion, born in Boston, State of Massachusetts, has this day produced to me proof, in the manner directed by the act entitled "An Act for the Relief and Protection of American Seamen;" and pursuant to the said act, I do hereby certify that the said Davis is a Citizen of the United States of America.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of office this 13th day of August, 1849.

J. W. G. King, Dept. Collector.

That such documents as this are issued at the Custom House in this city, at least, whenever they are applied for is a fact as easily substantiated, if any more evicence is needed, as any other connected with Custom House business. We don't see but the Whigs must give in, that Mr. Clayton's pro-slavery zeal outrun his knowledge.

Father Mathew and the Boston Abolitionists.

Father Mathew came to this country on an errand of the truest Philanthropy. His benevolent labours are required in every part of the Union. All classes of citizens are deeply interested in the success of his mission. And to ensure that success—to give the fullest effect to his efforts—it is essential that his voice should be raised singly, in behalf of Temperance.—No other question can be safely mingled with the great and salutary reform of which Father Mathew is the Apostle.

Conscious of the importance of avoiding all "entangling alliances," Father Mathew himself has steered clear of the currents and eddies, the rocks and the shoals upon which his Cause might receive damage. And good men, everywhere, have lent their aid in exempting him from embarrassment and collision. But there is a class of men in and about Boston who mix bitter ingredients with all descriptions of medicine—who, if they espouse a good cause, do it in so bad a spirit as to render the cause odious and themselves hateful.

Messrs. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, F. Jackson, &c. are Temperance advocates. But unlike other friends of that cause, they are not willing that its Reformer should be left at liberty to diffuse the blessings of Temperance all over the Union. They, as Abolitionists, invited Father Mathew to attend an Emancipation Celebration. This invitation, as none knew better than themselves, could not be accepted without setting one-half of the States of the Union against the benevolent mission of the Apostle of Temperance.

Father Mathew wisely hesitated. The fanatics called upon him and urged an acceptance which he felt constrained to decline. And then, in a spirit utterly at war with all their professions, they re-publish a circular signed several years ago by Father Mathew, in common with seventy thousand Irishmen, opposed to Slavery. This publication, if it accomplishes the malignant object of those who re-produce it, strikes a fatal blow to Father Mathew's usefulness throughout the Southern States. And this atrocious—this infernal outrage, is perpetrated by the professed friends of Temperance!

We all know that in Ireland, where oppression is rife, the sentiment against Slavery, in all its forms, is strong. The late Mr. O'Connell drew up an eloquent paper in favour of Emancipation. Father Mathew, whose sympathies are all on the side of Human Liberty, signed it. He comes among us now, however, to heal the wounds and bind up the bruises inflicted by Intemperance. He is devoting his energies, with untiring benevolence, and gratifying success, to his half-divine mission. And while thus, with bounteous hand, he is scattering his blessings, Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, in the garb of philanthropy, but with evil intent, intrude themselves upon him with a proposition designed and calculated to narrow his field of labour, and to mar his prospects of usefulness.—*Albany Evening Journal*

In anticipation of just such malicious misrepresentations and attacks as this we have briefly commented in another place upon the course pursued by Father Mathew in regard to the Worcester meeting. That the reverned Father has put himself in a very "tight place" is not to be gainsaid, and all the efforts of his friends to get him out of it will be blessed with very small success if they follow this bad example set them by the *Albany Evening Journal*. A lie will travel a great way while Truth is putting on her boots, but she is sure to overtake it at last; and in this case, moreover, it fortunately happens that Truth got the start on the journey, for the actual facts in regard to the invitation to the Worcester Festival, the interview of Messrs. Garrison and Bowditch with Father Mathew, and his neglect to return a reply to the Committee have already been widely published. The character of the transaction is too well understood now to permit of this false, garbled, and malicious account of it to do much mischief. To assert that the intent of the Anti-Slavery Committee was "evil,"—that they wished to ensnare Mr. Mathew in an "entangling alliance,"—that they meant "to strike a fatal blow to his usefulness in the Southern States,"—is simply a vile and base slander, uttered in that spirit, the indulgence of which has, occasionally, if we remember aright, subjected Thurlow Weed to the merited smart of a well used horse-whip in the hands of some unfortunate victim of his malevolence, and has compelled him more than once to act as defendant in our Courts of Law: And the representation of the manner in which the invitation was presented, and of its reception by Father Mathew—the insinuation that the Irish address was a mere "Circular," not worth remembering, the fact carefully concealed that it was addressed to the whole body of Irish in this country, and clothed in the most intense and emphatic language—and the keeping out of sight that Father Mathew in reply to Mr. Garrison not only showed himself to be not man enough to do as he had exhorted others to do, and to assert his right to join in a commemoation of a most signal triumph achieved by his own countrymen, of the religion of which he professes to be set apart as a minister, but one capable of denying the very principles which a few years before he had declared to be of the last importance, and peculiarly binding upon men placed in just his position—all this is done with a low cunning, and an unscrupulous malevolence, which would doubtless have answered the end proposed, had not, fortunately, its publication been preceeded by the clear, strait-forward statement of the *Liberator* which has been so widely copied.

How far Father Mathew's chance of success in the Temperance cause, in this country, may have been lessened by this unfortunate act of his we cannot say, but this at least we are sure of,—if lessened at all he has nobody to thank but himself. Our Boston friends, with the best motives, adopted the natural and almost only possible course for them to pursue as men desirous of showing all proper attention to the distinguished stranger, and it certainly is no fault of theirs if he should have involved himself in difficulty because he denies being here what he assumed to be at home.

A hint to Lecturers.—One L. Howland writes from Southport, Wisconsin, to the (St. Louis) *Liberia Advocate*, that he should be glad to have sent the names of some subscribers to that paper, but that he is "unable to do so in consequence of the prejudice imbibed from Abolitionist lecturers." The lecturers should 'make a note of it.'

Postponement of the Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Society.—We missed *The Freeman* of the week before last, or we should have copied the announcement of the postponement of the meeting of the Eastern Pennsylvania Society to October. The last *Freeman* says that "from almost every direction in the country we hear from our friends a cordial and unanimous approval of this decision of the Executive Committee; accompanied by expressions of confidence that our meeting this year will be larger than it has been for years." The prevalence of the Cholera in Philadelphia, we presume, was the immediate cause of this change, but having made it once why not let it be permanent, and hold this meeting hereafter in the Autumn, instead of midsummer? We are not a member of the Society, but we beg leave to make that motion.

"Black Dan."—A correspondent of *The Herald*, writing from Edgartown, Mass. announcing the arrival of Mr. Webster there, tells the following story:

Quite a laughable scene occurred on Mr. Webster's arrival here, which I shall put down for your especial benefit. When the stage which contained Mr. W. and his ladies and servants, drove up to the hotel in this place, the driver immediately entered, and informed the landlord that Daniel Webster, accompanied by his ladies and servants, wished for entertainment. The landlord stepped to the door, and was utterly confounded at beholding the dark countenance of Mr. W. whose sunburnt visage was even darker than those of his servants. Mr. Webster, noticing his dilemma, said "Step round here, sir," (to his side of the coach.) The landlord reluctantly complied, when Mr. W. informed him that he was Daniel Webster, and modestly asked if he could be entertained. The landlord, who actually took Mr. W. or "Black Dan," as he is sometimes called, for a distinguished coloured gentleman, promptly told him that his house was nearly full, and that he could not entertain him, but that there were some houses in the suburbs of the town (ten feet shanties) where he, no doubt, could find accommodation for himself and party. At this interesting stage of the proceedings, the landlord retreated into his house, followed by the stage driver, who endeavoured to explain, but was told that he was endeavouring to impose upon him, and that he well knew he never entertained coloured people. He was

finally, however, after much explanation, convinced that the Hon. Daniel Webster, was anxious to become his guest, and, with all the apologies he could invent, proceeded to inform that worthy personage that he had room and to spare in his house, and should be most happy to entertain him to his best ability, coloured servants and all. I have thought it too good to be lost; and, though you should not feel disposed to give the whole of my letter a place, I hope you will make a paragraph of this part.

Mr. Webster's friends should take alarm at this increasing blackness of the great statesman.' Unless he bleaches again in the Fall he may be arrested on his return to Washington as a fugitive, and advertized in the *Intelligencer* and *Republic* as "a negro man, calling himself Daniel Webster;" and his owner be requested to call,'pay charges, and take him away; otherwise to be sold according to law." *That* sort of sale would hardly suit him.

LIBERATION OF FAIRBANK.—The Rev. I. Baily of Genesee communicates to *The Tribune* the death of Mr. Chester Fairbank, at that town, at Frankfort, Ky. on the 7th inst. of Cholera. "He left," says Mr. Baily, "his residence in Genesee, Alleghany county, N. Y. early in the Spring, to secure, if possible, the liberation of his son Calvin Fairbank from the Penitentiary, where he had been confined four and a half years, on the charge of abducting slaves, in connection with Miss Delia A. Webster. The friends of freedom will rejoice to learn that the untiring efforts of the aged Father for the liberation of his son, have been successful. Governor Crittenden agreed to pardon him on the condition that certain prominent men in Lexington should unite in a petition for his liberation. The day before his death the anxious and devoted Father returned with the requisite names, with the fullest confidence that in the month of August he would witness the liberation of his son. His great anxiety and untiring labours, together with exposure in travelling, made him an easy prey to pestilence. He died among strangers, a victim to the insatiable, cruel demands of Slavery."

Proclamation from Gen. Taylor in Relation to our Connection with Cuba.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Aug. 14.

OFFICIAL BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

PROCLAMATION.

There is reason to believe that an armed expedition is about to be fitted out in the United States with an intention to invade the Island of Cuba, or some of the provinces of Mexico; the best information which the Executive has been able to obtain points to the Island of Cuba as the object of this expedition. It is the duty of the Government to observe the faith of treaties, and to prevent any aggression by our citizens upon the territories of friendly nations.

I have therefore thought it necessary and proper to issue this proclamation to warn all citizens of the United States who shall connect themselves with an enterprize so grossly in violation of our treaty obligations, that they will thereby subject themselves to the heavy penalty denounced against them by our acts of Congress, and will forfeit their claims to the protection of their country. No such persons must expect the interference of this Government in any form in their behalf, no matter to what extremities they may be reduced, in consequence of their conduct.

An enterprise to invade the territories of a friendly nation, set on foot and prosecuted within the limits of the United States, is in the highest degree criminal, as tending to endanger the peace and compromise the honour of this nation, and therefore I expect all good citizens, as they regard our national reputation, as they respect their own laws, and the laws of nations, as they value the blessings of peace and the welfare of their country, to discourage and prevent, by all lawful means, any such enterprise and I call upon every officer of this Governmeni, civil or military, to use all efforts in his power to arrest for trial and punishment every such offender against the laws providing for the performance of our sacred obligations to friendly powers.

Given under my hand the eleventh day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, and the seventy-fourth of the Independence of the United States. Z. TAYLOR.

J. M. CLAYTON, Secretary of State.

The above Proclamation was received in this city by Telegraph, and published in the Wednesday morning papers, having been sent to Washington by the President who is at Harrisburg, Pa. The Government has been for some time in possession, according to the Washington papers, of information to the effect that bodies of men were in the course of being levied and drilled in New Orleans, New York, and other cities of the Union; that money to a considerable amount has been contributed; that arms have been provided and arrangements made on a large scale, with a view to some military expedition.

In another column will be found a letter, copied from the *Herald*, which was in type before the Proclamation was received, but which is amply confirmed by it. Notwithstanding the Proclamation, however, we may be sure the end of the matter is not yet.

Domestic Correspondence.

The Milton Pic-Nic—West India Emancipation.

The first of August, being the Anniversary of the West India Emancipation, must ever be regarded by the friends of the slave as a day of exceeding great interest. A few spirits at Milton, Ulster county, whose lives have been identified with every good work, conceived the idea of an Anti-Slavery Pic-Nic on this day. Accordingly arrangements were made to accommodate a gathering in the Locust grove near the Friends' Meeting House. Speakers and guests were invited, from at home and abroad. The day dawned upon the committee with their arrangements complete. A well selected location for the stand, and its beautiful decorations attested to the good taste of all concerned. At about 11 A. M. the multitude were called to order by Nicholas Hallock by nominating Thomas Thompson, of Brooklyn, President. His election was succeeded by choosing William Allen and Oliver Hull, of New York, and George Hull, of Milton, as Secretaries. Mr. Thompson briefly stated the object of the meeting to be in commemoration of the Abolition of Slavery in the British Colonies, and concluded with the following well-timed remarks:

The influence of public opinion upon all the great questions that concern the present and future happiness of mankind is greater now, and operates with more decided effect, than at any former period. The reason of this is, that intelligence and expanded liberal views of man's rights and duties are more generally diffused among mankind than they were in by gone days. We have the additional advantage of being able to point to great and momentous events resulting from the exercise of this influence, in our own time; and of all the events that may be referred to, there is not one that can or ought to bring so much of joy and heartfelt satisfaction to every true philanthropist, to every earnest defender of the Rights of Man, as the event, the anniversary of which you are now so properly celebrating. Look for a moment at the magnitude of it. 800,000 human beings, relieved from the galling fetters of Slavery and all its attendant evils! imagine the exquisite thrill of pleasure that must have pervaded the breasts of not only those 800,000 persons, but the millions who viewed it as a glorious triumph of Reason, Justice, and Humanity, over fraud, violence and injustice perpetrated upon the Rights of Man, and you cannot fail to see the Emancipation of slaves, in all the Colonies of Great Britain (magnificently great in this act) as an event deserving of all the praise and commendation you can bestow upon it, and every way deserving of being celebrated on the anniversary of its advent, through generations to come.

So much having been accomplished by the untiring zeal and perseverance of a few individuals—for by a comparatively few persons was the mind of England brought to the consideration of the injustice of Slavery—the friends of the slave have every inducement to perseverance in the noble cause they are engaged in. They can all in the success of those efforts made in England to overcome ignorance, apathy, prejudice, interest, and political ascendancy, a sure and certain triumph for the principles they advocate; it may be a work of considerable time, for great masses of people are to be reached and made to feel the injustice and oppression of Slavery, made to know and feel it to be their duty to their country and their race to give effectual aid to remove from this land the blighting and baneful curse of Slavery.

It is to occasions like this, and to the efforts of those zealous friends to the cause, who devote their time and ease in lecturing and stirring up the hitherto great indifference of the community, to the importance of the abolition of Slavery, that we must hope to see a public opinion produced, that shall, in its majesty, declare the total abolition of every form of Slavery in the United States as being incompatible and inconsistent with Republican Institutions based upon the Rights of Man.

Abby Kelly Foster then took the stand and offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That we hail with joy the return of another anniversary of the triumph of Liberty in the peaceful emancipation, in a single day, of eight hundred thousand slaves in the British West India Islands, a glorious presage of that greater triumph which we trust is soon to crown the labours of the friends of freedom in this land, in the liberation of the millions of our own countrymen now held in the most abject and cruel bondage.

Her remarks were directed chiefly to a history of the cause in Great Britain up to, and including the consumation August 1st, 1838. Her speech was just such as Mrs. Foster would make, and, of course, it is superfluous to inform those who know her, that those who heard were highly delighted.

Rev. Mr. Waldo, of Poughkeepsie followed by introducing this resolution:

Resolved, That the results of Emancipation in the British West India Islands are an effectual refutation of every pro-slavery objection to its propriety, and prove conclusively that Immediate Emancipation is not only right, but eminently *safe* and *practicable*.

This individual may be unknown to you and most of your readers. It is but justice to remark that though a minister of the Congregational denomination, he is in an advanced position; that his every feeling is kindness, and every wish is for the oppressed. He is plain, unassuming, and therein becomes powerful. His remarks were felt and will be remembered. An idea of his, which cannot easily be forgotten is somewhat to this effect: 'That our gathering was an anomoly. That we who had fought England to obtain white freedom, were living among 3000,000 black slaves, and had assembled to rejoice that this same England had extended freedom to that class, from whom we denied it.'

Robert T. Hallock of New York, then addressed, the meeting. He became utilitarian. On the score of self-national-preservation he besought emancipation. That the history of the world uniformly showed, the oppressor himself ever became the oppressed. Such is an invincible edict of Nature, and for Christians or even Infidels to ask the American Union to be set down as an exception was to ask for the intervention of a special Providence.

Mrs. Rose, of New York, the eloquent Pole, then came forward. She is not large in stature, but has a look bespeaking a lofty intelligence. Her manner is not impassioned. Her style is plain argumentative, and conclusive. In obedience to the law of her own nature, there is a vein of kindness and charity running through her every look, thought and word. Her deductions are the deductions of kindness. She views humanity as one great unity and thus an injury to one is an injury to all. In the comprehensiveness of her goodness all mankind are her brothers, and the meanest does not escape her attention.

Stephen S. Foster took the stand. He is of a different order. Honest, clear-sighted, and a little combative, his satire has an edge of surpassing keenness. He often meets those who complain of his severity. Being aware of this he alluded to the subject, also stating his dissent from the notion of those who tell us "more flies can be caught with molasses than vinegar." It cannot be denied that he is doing great good. It may well be questioned whether a change in Stephen S. Foster would not be a subtraction from his usefulness. His aim was to impress upon his hearers the important fact that the *Will* of the People is the Law. That no matter what the Statute Book might contain the unwritten Statute of Public Opinion is the only governing Law. His arguments seemed conclusive.

Mrs. Rose felt called upon to reply to some of Mr. Fosters remarks. She did it in a calm manner, aroused by the energies of her higher faculties, and which told upon her hearers in the silent stillness and breathless suspense in which they hung upon the eloquence of her lips. Her exposition of the Law of Kindness was beautifully grand, and grandly sublime. Would that that same voice, in its impassioned eloquence, could be heard in all the uttermost corners of the world!

Abby Kelley Foster followed with but few remarks upon this topic. She confined herself to some incidents, or rather occasions, in which the "vinegar" doctrine had succeeded when nothing else would. Mrs. Foster is a woman of rare mental capacities, and ordinary people would do well to pause before criticising.

The Resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Between each address a choir of young ladies startled Quaker gravity with a song. As some, if not all the singers were descendants of Friends, it seems to be settled that, however much broad brims, standing collars, and straight coats may scorn music, their daughters possess the *natural* faculty in a most *wicked* and *worldly* degree. The exercises appeared acceptable to all and doubtless that gathering is the scattering of seed which will ripen an hundred fold.

THOMAS THOMPSON, President.

WM. ALLEN, OLIVER HULL, GEORGE HULL. } Secretaries.

General Intelligence.

Cholera Report.

The epidemic is decidedly on the decrease as will be seen by the following table which gives the total number of deaths, and the number by cholera since the 14th ultimo.

Week Ending.	*Total Deaths.*	*Deaths by Cholera.*
July 14	991	484
21	1 409	714
28	1 352	692
Aug. 4	1 288	678
11	1 011	423

The proportion of deaths of natives of the United States, by the epidemic, is rather greater for the last week than usual:—

Natives of the United States....&c.....575
Natives of other countries.....436

The above tables are taken from the weekly reports of the City Inspector, as the daily reports of the Board of Health are not to be relied on.

From the Liberator.

MEETING OF COLOURED CITIZENS.—Agreeably to a call, a meeting was held on Monday evening, July 23d, 1849, for the purpose of obtaining the opinions of the coloured people relative to the 'continuance of the Smith School as a *separate* School for the instruction of Coloured Youth.' A large number were present, and great interest was manifested. The meeting was organized in the choice of J. W. Butler for the President, George Washington, Vice-President, and E. B. Lawton and Isaac H. Snowden as Secretaries.

A committee of three was appointed to prepare business for the meeting—John T. Hilton, B. F. Roberts, and Lemuel Burr. They presented the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That *common rights* are the undisputed claims of every inhabitant of this Commonwealth.

Resolved, That when a portion of the people, in consequence of a long established custom, are deprived of the enjoyment of their rights, it is their duty to use every effort to obtain an unqualified and an uncompromising possession of them.

Resolved, That as common school instruction is refused to all persons who differ in complexion from the whites, in the city of Boston, we regard the sufferance of such a distinction a disgrace to civilization,

Resolved, That all '*exclusive schools*' are injurious to the welfare of the community, and therefore should be discountenanced.

Resolved, That the school known as the 'Smith School,' located in Belknap-street, in this city, being a *caste*, an *exclusive school*, we regard it as a GREAT PUBLIC NUISANCE, which should be immediately annihilated,

Resolved, That we will not regard with confidence, any contrivance to quiet our efforts in relation to its abolition.

Resolved, That it is our hope, that no individual who is identified with us in complexion, will suffer himself to be used as a TOOL, to prolong the existence of that school.

The above Resolutions were unanimously passed. The Committee then presented the following 'Appeal to the Mayor and Aldermen,' which was also adopted:

APPEAL OF THE COLOURED PEOPLE OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, TO THE HONOURABLE, THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF SAID CITY.

Gentlemen:—A portion of the people of your city take this method to solicit your influence in regard to a subject of great importance; that of *Public School Instruction*.

It is no less than true, that in the great Emporium of New England, the head-quarters of learning and civilization, the city of the Pilgrims, a portion of your constituents are refused common school privileges, *solely on account of complexion*. It is rather annoying to our feelings, when we perceive not only *all other* citizens in enjoyment of the right of common schools, but foreigners of all kinds, too, who are *white*, are not rejected. This is to us a serious grievance, as many among us can refer to the services of our ancestors, who felt in the times which 'tried men's souls,' that *their* lives, *their* fortunes, and *their* sacred honours were nought in comparison to the enjoyment of certain 'inalienable rights.'

It is with feelings of amazement that we witness Englishmen, Frenchmen, Irishmen, Germans, Scotchmen, and others, in our community, who enjoy all the local privileges, and are not ignorant of the fact that we are shut out from the institutions of learning *in the land of our nativity*. These foreigners, in *their native country*, see nothing of this kind of injustice; but on the contrary, they know that a coloured man enjoys the same rights as another.

We ask your honorable body to aid us in the possession of our rights. We have ever been in favour of a due observance of the government of our city. We have ever been ready to support the institutions of our city. We are not in the back-ground in relation to reform in the community. We have endeavoured to gain for ourselves the appellation of good citizens.

There has been established in this city, partially by private donation, an 'exclusive school' for the education of coloured youth. That school is located in Belknap street. On account of its existence whenever application is made to the district schools for the admission of our children, we are referred to that school. This is a great inconvenience to many on account of the scattered state of our residences. This inconvenience is *small*, when compared to the injury that separate schools create in the community. Their existence strengthens a feeling of prejudice between white and coloured children, while their abolition will foster a regard for each other. Our city is the only place in this Commonwealth where 'exclusive schools' are in existence. And we do not learn that any bad results have grown out of the consequences.

As citizens, we ask *our rights* in the premises. It is our desire that this 'exclusive school' be abolished and *free* access to schools for the education of the young, be the privilege of *all*. The unanimous feeling of the coloured people in opposition to the school, is the consequent cause of the very small attendance at that school; its abolition, therefore, as the expenditure for its support is a useless appropriation, will be a great saving to this city. Nothing short of the full enjoyment of our rights as citizens is it our duty to be contented with.

In behalf of the coloured citizens of Boston,

JOHN T. HILTON, B. F ROBERTS, LEMUEL BURR, } Committee.

The above appeal was adopted by the meeting, and the whole proceedings were marked with a degree of unanimity seldom witnessed in public meetings.

Voted, That this appeal be sent to the Mayor and Alderman, asking their influence in favour of our rights to common school instruction.

Voted, That the proceedings be published.

J. W, BUTLER, President.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, V. Pres.

E. B. LAWTON, ISAAC H. SNOWDEN, } Secretaries.

We find in the *John O'Groat Journal*, a paper published at Wick, Caithness-shire, Scotland, an interesting letter from a New York correspondent, a portion of which is a statement of the present position of the Anti-Slavery cause in this country, and, on the whole, a pretty fair one, saving the assertion that Northern Disunionists are disheartened, and therefore advocate a dissolution of the Union. Hope and not despair has impelled them to labour to that end. We copy that portion of the letter referring to Anti-Slavery. It is dated June 11th.

"The Slavery question is also receiving a great share of the public attention. I think Slavery is now more discussed, both in the North and South, than at any former period in the history of the Anti-Slavery agitation. At the South the Calhoun "Democrats" have become so enraged at the "encroachments of the North," as they term it, that they not only meditate resistance to the enactment of Anti-Slavery laws by Congress for our new Southern possessions, but these fanatics advocate disunion, should they be precluded from removing their human chattels into territories now free! These incendiary principles are by no means universal at the South, for many Democrats refuse to submit to such a bloody test of their fidelity to the "peculiar institution," as the arch-nullifier of South Carolina (John C. Calhoun) has prescribed for the preservation of Southern "property." The Whigs, too, of the Southern States almost unanimously refuse to advocate Calhoun's mad schemes for a dissolution of the union of the States. Henry Clay, of Kentucky, acknowledged on all hands to be the most able Whig statesman in the South, has recently declared for a scheme for the gradual emancipation of the slaves of his adopted State. The people of Kentucky have also called for a State Convention to amend their present pro-slavery Constitution. It is not at all unlikely that some measures will be taken by the Constitutional Reformers of that State for the extirpation of the monstrous curse of human chattelhood from the soil of chivalrous Kentucky, so famed for the prowess of her sons in battles with Indians, Mexicans, &c.

The eccentric and celebrated Democratic statesman, Colonel Thomas Hart Benton, for upward of a quarter of a century, United States Senator from Missouri, a slave State, has also recently defined his position on the Slavery question. He declares his intention to oppose the extension of Slavery, and all Calhoun's dashing projects for a Southern confederacy. Many suppose that Benton is striving for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1852, for which he has already been named by several influential reform journals for his patriotic course on the Slavery question. The supposition as to the Colonel's motives, is no doubt a base slander concocted by his enemies (the Slavery propagandists) who only a few years ago succeeded in martyring Benton's bosom friend, Silas Wright, of New York, by the manufacture of all sorts of falsehoods, and by a factious opposition to him when in nomination for office. However, the lamented Wright, the favourite of the Northern Democracy, is now buried in his grave, and is reverenced as second only to Thomas Jefferson, the first American apostle of Liberty, by the Free Democracy of the country. The Northern Democracy feel as great an interest in Benton's return to the Senate as they did a few years since in the election of Wright to the gubernatorial chair over the conservatives.

New features have recently sprung up in the Slavery discussion at the South, The Legislatures of that region have instructed their Congressmen in effect to advocate Slavery-extension, and a few gallant spirits refuse to obey these mandates from the Slave power.—Colonel Benton has felt bound to appeal from the instructions of the Missouri Legislatures, and in the latter part of May he made a great speech at Jefferson City, Mo. in defence of his course on Slavery, explaining the reasons why he thought proper to disregard the resolutions of his State Legislature in favour of Slavery. He answered the opponents of his election to the United States Senate by coming out as strong for Freedom as he dared to in a slave State. A meeting of Slavery-extensionists in Kentucky have also called upon Mr. Clay to resign his seat in the United States Senate, but, like Colonel Benton, he expresses no alarm. Both, I have no doubt, will be sustained by the people of their States generally.

At the North the signs are very propitious for Freedom. There is a class of broken down politicians in this section, denominated Hunkers, (from their love of the spoils of office,) who prate much about the compromises of the Constitution, condemn Slavery agitation as ruinous to the best interests of the country, and especially of the "Democratic party." although they pretend to be opposed to the extension of Slavery, yet they go for "non-intervention" on the "vexed question." All they want is the offices, which till the elevation of the new chief magistrate—Gen. Taylor—have been mainly disposed of to them by an almost unbroken succession of Southern Democratic Presidents, and it is from their organs the cry of "proscription" is raised to the numerous removals made by the new administration. Since the defeat of the candidate of the national Democratic party for the Presidency, (Gen. Cass, late American Minister to France,) the Northern and Southern Democrats have divided and are now engaged in opposite sectional movements, the Southern wing of the party mainly coalescing with the Calhoun Disunionists, and the Northern portion arraying itself with the "Free Soil party," or as the Hunkers term it, the "Abolition faction." These political developements were expected in the event of the national defeat of the once powerful "Democratic party," and causes not a little confusion in both sections of the Union. There is a crisis brewing about this Slavery question which must soon be met; and that must be my apology for dwelling at such a great length on this momentous question. There are more than 3,000,000 human beings in bondage at the South, who are treated but little better than beasts, although many of the slaves who have escaped to the Northern Free States and Canada have displayed great talents, when properly instructed. No better orators than Frederick Douglass, Robert Banks, Rev. Samuel R. Ward, and other coloured Americans, need be sought in any country—yet these gentlemen are all runaways! The American Anti-Slavery Society, with its numerous auxiliaries has done much good, and supports four very creditably conducted organs: in this city, the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*; at Boston, *The Liberator*; at Philadelphia, *The Pennsylvania Freeman*; and at Salem, Ohio, *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*. These papers are entirely ultra; but not so much so as the Southern Disunionists organs; as the latter advocate armed resistance to the North in the event they are prevented from extending their "institutions." Garrison, Phillips, Pillsbury, Gay, Lowell, and the Abolitionists of their stamp, have almost become disheartened by their prolonged services, and like the ultras of the South, talk of disunion, (peaceably brought about and not by violence,) but if Abolition is wrought by Congressional and State authority, they will be satisfied. I think the plan of emancipation adopted by the British Government in its colonies was the best under the circumstances that could be adopted, and I hope America will soon imitate her glorious example, and liberate the oppressed negro of the South from his unrequited vassalage."

D. C. H.

A New Orleans correspondent of the *Herald* writes the following letter, which may be true and may not, but which has no other improbability than its appearance in that paper. It is worth reading over as a mere rumour:

Having seen no mention in any of the public journals, at either the North or the South, or even an intimation of an important movement which has been going on in this city for some time past, and which is at this moment being comducted in a secret way, I cannot do better than to detail to you its origin, progress, and prospect—pledging myself that startling as it is, and important as it will be at no distant day, in our relations with the neighbouring Republic of Mexico, what I shall state may be relied upon as true and authentic. Now for the facts:

For some time past, several men, calling themselves agents of an expeditionary enterprize, have been enlisting men in this city, private and secret, that they shall perform duty in any service in which their aid may be required when the expedition shall have arrived at its destination. Immediately after the enlistment of each man, he is made acquainted with certain secret signs, by which he can recognize his fellow associates, agents or officers; and, as I also learn, each man binds himself to keep the fact of such an expedition being in process of formation to himself, and to reveal it to no one. Another stipulation which those who enlist in this enterprize are obliged to enter into, is that the destination of the expedition is not to be made known to them until the vessel in which they shall embark shall have reached a certain latitude and longitude.—When that particular point shall have been reached, the object and intent of the expedition, as well as the point of debarkation, will be fully made known to them, and they will be expected to obey their officers, and perform the military service which they entered into in this city. Fifteen hundred men, or more, have at this time announced their readiness to embark in this enterprise, and the number is increasing every day. A formidable quantity of arms has been also secured, consisting of fifteen or twenty thousand muskets, which were purchased of Government contractors in New York, Philadelphia, and other places, and they are safely secured in the place appointed for the expedition to land at. The active men in this affair, the leaders, who command and are now carrying it on, will visit the Northern cities, where (in New York particularly) they expect to get all such additional recruits as they desire.

I have as yet said nothing of the object of this great movement, nor the point at which the expedition will debark. You recollect very well, that, for some time past, there have been rumours of a revolutionary character in the northern part of Mexico, and that it has been expected by the Mexican Government that an attempt would be made to establish an independent republic in the Northern States, to be called the republic of the Sierra Madre. The subject caused a great deal of anxiety to the central government at Mexico, and troops were sent there some months ago, and other measures adopted to nip it in the bud. Now the object of this expedition is to carry out the formation of the republic of the Sierra Madre, to separate that territory from the Mexican Republic, proclaim its independence, and maintain it by force. It was in this way that the separation and independence of Texas was brought about; and the scheme in that instance having succeeded so well, it will be tried now in Sierra Madre. The place of debarkation and rendezvous, is Tampico, in the State of Tamaulipas, which, you are aware, is very accessible from New Orleans.

A great many of the soldiers and officers in the late war with Mexico, have joined this movement; and I am credibly informed that it has received the approbation, if indeed, it has not emanated from, some of the leading citizens of the South.

Some of these statesmen think that the time has arrived when not to resent in a war often threatened, the continual encroachments of the North on the rights of the South, and their repeated and incessant attacks on the institution of Slavery, ought justly to be considered cowardly and craven-hearted. A dissolution of the Union has been frequently threatened, and this movement is the commencement of a train of events, that will lead to such a consummation on the part of the South, under the guidance of the leading Southern politicians. The expectation is, that the Sierra Madre would, of course, in due time, be annexed to the United States; and as soon as that is accomplished, the South will recede from the Union, and, with the Sierra Madre, form a separate and independent republic, leaving the North to act as it pleases. With such a vast increase of cotton, rice, tobacco, and sugar-producing soil, the new Southern republic, it is thought, would be able to control the markets of the world, as far as those staples are concerned.

I believe I have not left any point of consequence concerned with this secret expedition, its objects, and purposes, untouched. You may use them or not, as you think proper; but that they are strictly true, I would pledge my existence. I shall write to you again, in a few days or sooner, if anything important concerning this expedition, not already detailed in this letter, shall reach me.

We (*Post*) understand that ex-President Van Buren is about visiting the water-cure establishment at Brattleboro, to attend his son Martin, who visits it in quest of health.

A Tender Conscience.—Jonathan Ketterman, a Justice of the Peace in Cæsar's Creek Township, Greene county, has written a letter [published in the Cincinnati Globe,] to the Clerk of the County, resigning his commission, assigning his reason for so doing, "*the repeal of the testimony clause of the Black Laws.*" Jonathan must be as tender hearted as the boy, of whom his mother testified that he always cried when asked to get a pail of water! The people of Greene county must be inconsolable under the loss of such a brilliant light from the legal firmament.—*Bugle.*

Southern Politeness.—A man whipped his female slave the other day at Glasgow, Mo. so that she died in consequence. A Coroner's Jury was called, who brought in a verdict that "*the woman died of appoplexy brought on by excitement!*—*Syracuse Journal.*

FIGHT AT LOUISVILLE.—Physical Force Anti-Slavery seems to be the most popular kind in Kentucky. The *Chronicle* contains an account of another fight, in which Mr. Seymour of the *Examiner* was a principal actor. It says:

Means and Selvage, who are brothers-in-law, were standing upon the pavement in friendly and jocose conversation with some young man upon the subject of Emancipation. During the conversation, Mr. Means made some remarks upon the subject of Emancipation, which Mr. Seymour, who was standing by, pronounced "a d—d lie," whereupon Means struck him. Seymour turned and run, at the same time drawing a revolver. Means pursued, and when tolerably close was fired on by Seymour, the ball striking him on one of the ribs of the left side, and passing round to the back, without inflicting a dangerous wound. Means, however, fell, and from some cause Seymour also fell at the same time, probably knocked down by Means. Seymour rose to his knees, and was on the point of again firing at Means who was yet upon the ground, when Selvage kicked the pistol out of his hand, threw himself upon him, and snatched the pistol from the ground. At this stage of the fight, Mr. Jack Ballard, who was standing across the street, and thought that Seymour had been shot by Means, drew his pistol and fired at Selvage, missing him and striking a little boy on the opposite pavement, wounding him dangerously.

Selvage then raised Seymour's pistol and started toward Ballard, who retreated a few steps, when Selvage fired, striking him near the back of the head and inflicting a slight flesh wound. Ballard was then pursued by the crowd for some paces, one of them knocking him down with a brick-bat, until he was placed in a hack by Mr. Grey and Mr. Thomas, and taken from the ground.

It is also reported that Mr. Ballard was attacked by some one with a bowie-knife after he was struck with the brick-bat, and that the man with the bowie-knife was fired upon in turn with a pistol by Mr. Resor. We find no foundation for these reports, however.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE
STEAMER AMERICA, AT HALIFAX.

One Week Later From Europe.

The AMERICA arrived at this port on Tuesday last. We give a brief summary of her most important news.

The cholera has become alarmingly prevalent in England.

It was stated that Parliament would be prorogued on the 31st, and the Queen embark for Ireland on the 1st August.

IN FRANCE serious divisions exist in the ranks of the majority of the Legislative Assembly, and the Legitimists have determined to recede from the ranks of the Bonapartists and Orleanists, and form a separate party.

HUNGARY.—It is certain that up to the hour of the very latest intelligence from the seat of war, there are only reasons for entertaining the greatest confidence in the strength and glory of the Hungarians, who, under the enthusiasm created by Kossuth, and routing in all directions the formidable armaments of two stupendous despotisms.

It is difficult to describe intelligibly the military operations of the contending armies as all the accounts from Vienna to the 21st ult., are exceedingly confused and contradictory.

It is admitted on all hands, however, that the treacherous Ban of Crotia, Jellachich, has been completely defeated by the Magyars, under Bem. It appears that Bem crossed the France canal at the head of 50,000 men, took the entrenchments of the Croats by storm, and after a series of conflicts, which lasted 4 days, compelled the Imperialists to raise the siege of Peterwardem, and to evacuate the Barska.

The seat of the Hungarian Government was transferred to Arad on the 14th of July. This last circumstance proves the assurance entertained to finish the Russians in Transylvania, and on the other hand it confirms the defeat of Jellachich, because if the army of the South was still formidable, the Hungarian government would never dare to select the city of Arad for its residence, as it would be placed between two fires.

From a bulletin by the Prince Faskiewitch, published in the Weiner Zeitung, we have his version of a sharp action which occurred on the 17th at or near Waitzen between Gen. Gorgey and Russo-Austrian General Sass and Ramberg.

On the 17th inst. a great battle took place, which ended in the discomfiture of Dembiniski's army, while Gorgey had led his troops to the North and not to Comora as was generally believed.

It is thought Gen. Gorgey will turn off to the East and march to Kay.

The Austrian Commander-in-Chief had advanced with his main army to Pesth, leaving his main division on the Island of Stutt, and the division under Gen'ls. Grabbe and Schlick are on either bank of the Danube to lay seige to the fortress of Comorn.

ROME.—Under the military rule of Gen. Oudinot, order and general tranquility prevail at Rome.

All public acts are rendered in the name of the Pope. His Holiness still continues at Gaeta, but beyond the fact that he will remain there until after the accouchment of the Queen of Naples, nothing seems known.

It is said he will afterwards proceed to Rome in the full and unrestricted possession of both temporal and spiritual authority, and that the priesthood around him having learned nothing from their past misfortunes, reso lutely refuse all concessions to the popular party.

It is not stated how the French army is to be paid, but it is reported that Russia has agreed to lend His Holiness 10,000,000, without interest. The principal to be paid at the rate of half a million annually.

The American Consul at Rome had not resumed his functions since the outrage committed on his flag and family by the French soldiers.

The Consul, after strongly protesting against the indignity, withdrew.

Garibaldi was at Owieti on the 17th, and levied a tribute of £2,000 on the inhabitants, after which he took a position in the neighbourhood of Ficali.

The people were collecting in different parts of the country and forming bands of armed men with the design of joining Garibaldi.

Marrid.

At the French Catholic Chapel, and subsequently at St. Georges, Hanover-square, London, LOLA MONTES, Countess of Lansfeldt in Bavaria, to G. TRAFFORD HEALD, Esq. of the 2nd Life Guards. Mr. Heald not long since attained his majority. His income is said to be about £14,000 per annum.

Died.

In Philadelphia, Judge JOHN GRIFFIN, 79. He was the son of Judge Cyrus Griffin, the last President of Congress before the formation of the Federal Constitution. He received the appointment of United States Judge for the Northwestern Territory from Mr. Jefferson, and at the time of his death was the nearest male heir in the line of entail to the Earldom of Traquair, in Scotland—his mother having been the Lady Christina Stuart, of that ancient house.

At Baltimore, July 21, CATHARINE MILLIGAN MCLANE, aged 59, consort of the Hon. Louis McLane.

In East Cambridge, August 8, Miss MARTHA P. PARMENTER, 29, daughter of Hon. Wm. Parmenter.

On Sunday, August 12, at the country residence of his son-in-law, Astoria, L. I. ALBERT GALLATIN, in the 89th year of his age.

August 8th at Netherwood, New Hamburg, in the 3d year of her age, EMMA MEREDITH, youngest daughter of Gardiner G. Howland, of this city.

HORACE SMITH, Esq. the well-known novellist, and joint-author of the "Rejected Addresses," aged 70. Tombridge Wells. (England).

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

To the Abolitionists of Ohio:

We propose to convene our meetings in the large tent this Summer, on the 14th, of August, as Massillon; next at Malborough, and then at Salem, if the time does not interfere with the Yearly Meeting of Friends at that place.—We wish also to raise the Tent at Youngstown, New Lyme, Chagrin Falls, and Ravena and in one place west of the Cuyahoga, if the friends in those places think it desirable. Will they please signify their assent, or dissent, by letters to James Barnaby or the Editor of the *Bugle*.

If the friends of the cause approve of the arrangement, wherever the Tent is raised we will hold an Anti-Slavery Meeting, or Convention, one day and part of another, and keep the Tent standing a day for the purposes of a social gathering or Pic Nic, and addresses from Henry C. Wright and others to the children, and also to the grown, as may seem best. Such a gathering in the Tent last year at Marlborough with a Pic Nic and addresses from H. C. Wright and C. C. Burleigh to the children, was the occasion of one of the most interesting times I ever witnessed, and perhaps the day could not have been more profitably spent.

What say you, friends? Please let us know your minds. Other meetings will be held at various points which cannot yet well be determined on, but at which we do not propose to use the Tent; but if there are other places than those mentioned where the friends wish it used, they will please make application by letter to Salem.

SAM'L BROOKE.

Northampton, Mass. June 10, 1849.

[It is understood that PARKER PILLSBURY, HENRY C. WRIGHT, and others, will attend the meetings above referred to. The time named for the gathering in Salem it is thought will be too near Friends' Yearly Meeting: but that can be arranged hereafter.—ED. BUGLE.]

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

ENCOURAGED by the success of the past, and hopeful of still greater success in the future, we propose to hold a FAIR at RAVENNA the second week in September: the proceeds of which, as heretofore, will be placed in the Treasury of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

Sewing circles are in operation in various places, making preparation for the proposed Fair, and is also expected, from our friends in the East,—and we earnestly ask that all who are interested in behalf of the slave and favourable to the objects of the W. A. S. Soc. will send in their contributions.

Ann C. Shreve, Massilon.
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Julia Briggs, "
Martha Ann Griffith, "
Rachel Trescott, Salem,
Margaret Hise, "
Jane M. Trescott "
J. Elizabeth Jones, "
Mary A. Demming, New Lyme,
Laura Deming,
Sarah Armstrong, Columbiana,
E. Holmes, "
E. Stedman, Randolph,
Suffrona Smalley, "
Cynthia Price, "
Jane Paxon, New Garden,
R. S. Thomas, Marlboro,
Eliza Smith, Mecca,
Mrs. Whitmore, Andover,
Mary Whiting, Canton,
Susan Grant, "
Cornelia Cowles, Austinburg,
J. S. Griffing, Litchfield,
Jenette Brooker. "

SIXTEENTH
National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The Committee of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, deeply feeling their responsibility to the holy cause of Freedom and Humanity with which they are identified, have resolved anew to make their exertions for its promotion correspond with the greatness of its demands and the rapidity of its progress.

It is unnecessary at this late day to enter upon any formal exposition of the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society to the support of which the funds resulting from this effort are devoted. The language of our last year's Call will express better than any other our present convictions of its necessity and value. "Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party: and speaking as it does from a heigh above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed.....It has no local attachments, no sectarian or partisan partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose." With this Society, in a word, rests the hope of the American Slave. Its continuance and increased success, the number of its agents and the circulation of its periodicals depend greatly on the amount of funds which we through this yearly effort are enabled to place at is disposal

We regard the importance of the American Anti-Slavery Society as paramount to that of any other Anti-Slavery organization, and of course its claims for help and sympathy paramount to those of any other. Boston and its environs indeed supply us with a market, but with a trifling exception barely sufficient to remunerate the expense of Anti-Slavery advertisements, not a cent of our receipts are expended in Massachusetts. In sustaining the Cause in her own borders, she asks no aid from beyond them, but relies entirely on her own efforts.

These being our circumstances, we appeal to Abolitionists EVERYWHERE, earnestly invoking of each aid and assistance proportionate alike to the dignity and necessity of the work we have undertaken. We are labouring for the establishment of those foundation principles on which the rights of all men must of necessity rest. Therefore to *All* we appeal in confident reliance on that common human heart whose unsophisticated instincts furnish our best hope of success.

The Sixteenth National Anti

Poetry.

We copy, at the request of the author, the following poem from the *Boston Post:*

On the Death of Abel—July, 1849.

ADDRESSED TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

A tear for Abel and a curse for Cain.

"Where is thy brother? Where is righteous Abel?"
This awful question God asked murderous Cain.
"Where is *our* brother? Where is free-born ROME?"
This awful question *we* ask murderous *France.*
Thou darest not lie, *thou* darest not say, "I know not!"
We know thou knowest, and heaven and hell do know.
Thou canst not ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?"
Thou saidst thou wast, and hell and heaven heard it.
There is no trick, no lie, no perjury left,
Thou standest at the bar—and thou art dumb.

O woe! "What has thou done? What durst thou do?"
A voice there crieth—'tis a voice of blood—
A murder'd man's still warm and reeking blood—
It is our brother's, 't is thy brother's blood,
That crieth up to heaven from the ground;
That crieth with a voice that rends the skies,
A mighty earthquake voice that shakes the earth,
A dagger voice that piercest every heart,
That cries: Revenge! revenge! revenge! revenge!
My brother Cain, my —— *France* has murdered me?

O woe unnamed! O woe too deep for tears!
Our brother Rome, beloved Rome is dead!
So free, so brave, so young, so beautiful,
He flourished but a day, and now is dead!
The youngest of his brethren and our darling,
Our hope, our flower was killed while in the bud.
He was as righteous and as pure as Abel,
And woe is me! he met with Abel's fate.
He loved his brother, just as Abel did,
He trusted in him—just as Abel did,
He gloried in him—just as Abel did,
And lo! his brother proved a wretch like Cain,
And hated him and envied him like Cain,
And murdered him—ay, ay, he *murdered* him,
The Gallic Cain, the righteous Roman Abel.
O woe, O crime, O shame beyond a name!

O woe! O woe! insufferable woe!
"Our brother Rome is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Rome is dead, and has not left his peer!
Who would not weep for Rome?" He was the hope,
The joy, the pride of Freedom's gallant crew.
His was the brightest lot man can be born to,
The fairest prospect oped before his eye,
A course of glory and a prize of bliss;
And he run well, and he had reached the goal
But for a *brother*—no, no, not a brother,
A devil in a brother's form disguised,
Who stopt him in the midst of his career,
And stretched him here a lifeless, bloodless body.

O that I were a host and not a man!
O that I wielded swords and not a lyre!
Then should he have a worthier sacrifice
The pious dead: than not mere words and tears.
Blood should revenge him on his murderer!

Be cursed then with every withering curse,
Thou hypocritic, recreant fratricide!
Be cursed from the earth which oped her mouth
To drink the blood—thy *murdered brother's blood;*
The TREE OF LIBERTY *thy hand hath reared,*
Shall never thrive, shall never yield thee fruit,
But having stood awhile, an empty show,
The rootless trunk shall die and rot away,
Shall die and rot to mud from whence it sprung,
A mock, a scorn, a byword with all nations!

But thou thyself, perjurious renegade,
Thou bloody, murderous, infamous, villainous villain,
Thou traitorous Ephialtes, Judas, Cain—
But yesterday an *outlaw*, now a *despot*,
But yesterday a *suppliant*, now a *tyrant*,
But yesterday a *convict*, now a *hangman*—
Again thou 'lt tumble from thy dizzying height,
Again the land shall rise and spew thee out,
Again thou 'lt be a fugitive on earth.
A branded vagabond to roam like Cain,
And every one that findeth thee shall spit,
And hurry past as if a viper crossed him,
And pelt thee with this blasting taunt and curse:

"Fie! Shame on thee, thou mock-Napoleon!
Thou dwarfish imp masked in a Titan's name!
Thou art no kin of him whose cloak thou stolest,
The victor general of the first republic,
The hero on a hundred battle-fields,
Where Freedom gained her first immortal glories;
Who like a thunderstorm broke from the Alps,
And swept the chaff of Royalties away,
And burst the Austrian yoke on Italy,
And rocked the thrones in Berlin and Vienna,
Dread bugbear he of frightened despot brats.
He did not crouch to kiss the pontiff's toe,
No, no, he *stood* and made the pontiff crouch,
And set his foot on the anointed neck,
A tyrant *he*, too, *but a tyrants' tyrant.*"
"No, surely no, thou art no Bonaparte,
They truly call the right who call the 'Bastard;'
A cuckoo laid thee in the eagle's nest."
"Avaunt, avaunt, thou leprous renegade,
Thou living carcase and thou rotten soul!
Corrupt not Freedom's healthy mountain air
With thy cadaverous, poisonous traitor's breath!
Go to the chief priests in whose pay thou art,
Go, *Judas*, go and get thy Judas fee,
The price of blood, the thirty silver pieces,
And falling headlong and asunder bursting,
Mayst thou, who livest like him, like Judas die!"

EMMANUEL VITALIS SCHERB.
A Switzer, and former fellow-citizen of Louis Napoleon.
Concord, Mass.

The World.

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,
Whether they doe wake or sleep,
Whether they feele heat or cold,
Whether they be young or old;
There is underneath the sun
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest,
None are worst and none are best,
Griefe and joy, and hope and feare,
Play their pageants everywhere;
Vaine opinion all doth sway
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds doth sit,
Marking our poore apish wit,
That so lamely without state,
Their high glory imitate.
No ill can be felt but paine,
And that happy men disdaine.

[*Wit Restored*, 1640.

War.

Boys and girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for a morning meal!
The poor wretch who has learnt his only prayers
From curses—who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father—
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical, in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide—
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongue,
Like mere abstractions—empty sounds to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound—
As if the fibres of their godlike frames
Were gored without a pang—as if the wretch
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds
Passed off to Heaven translated and not kill'd—
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him! [COLERIDGE.

Miscellany.

From the Literary World.

A DAY WITH MARIA EDGEWORTH.

A late English steamer brought us the melancholy news of the death of Maria Edgeworth. There are few persons to whom the present generation of men and women owes so large a debt of gratitude for pleasant reading as to her. The writer is not sure whether "Harry and Lucy" and "Simple Susan" continue to be favourites with children. Perhaps their place has been supplied by something more "*improving.*" "Belinda," also, and "Patronage," and "Castle Rackrent," and "Helen," may not be sought for as of old at the circulating libraries. More highly spiced productions, probably, cause them to seem insipid to "Young America." There must be some readers, however, to whom the mere mention of these books still awakens agreeable recollections, and who have found nothing in more modern fiction exactly to supply their places. Such persons, the writer ventures to think, will be interested in the description of a visit he had the privilege of paying several years since at Edgeworthtown-House. He trusts that he shall be acquitted of any impropriety in publishing the details of that visit. Common usage has sanctioned similar statements in the case of other distinguished authors, and in regard to Miss Edgeworth, if the writer can convey to the public a tithe of that deep respect for her character which the interviews to be narrated produced in his own mind, he knows that he shall be pardoned for the liberty he is taking. It was early in the morning of a July day, in the year 1836 (the reader will allow me to use the first person singular), when I left Dublin for Edgeworthtown, which latter place lies fifty-three Irish miles distant from the other in a northwesterly direction. On leaving the city we passed the fine building erected for the Law Courts, the Barracks, the Military Hospital, and Phœnix Park. We saw at a distance the spire of the Mad House in which Swift spent some of the latter and most melancholy days of his life. Our road led us through Maynooth, where the large Roman Catholic College is situated, and Mullingar. There was little, however, to interest me on the way excepting the beggars who surrounded the coach at every stopping place, and were most importunate in their demands, —whining, blessing, flattering, praying, and groaning in melancholy chorus. The sight was a distressing one, and only rendered tolerable by the reflection that this was made a matter of business with many of the poor creatures, and much of the grief and affliction was put on for the occasion.

I reached the Inn at Edgeworth-town at half-past two in the afternoon, and immediately sent a package with which I had been charged, together with a letter of introduction and my card to the authoress. Shortly afterwards the servant returned bearing Mrs and Miss Edgeworth's compliments, and an invitation to visit them. I walked forthwith to the house, which was at no great distance from the Inn. I entered the grounds by the gate at the Porter's Lodge and followed a broad gravelled drive, which wound through a beautiful lawn adorned by clumps of elms. This brought me to the great Hall door of the mansion which was square in shape, large and commodious, and painted of a yellowish colour. It was partly surrounded by flower-gardens, and had on one side verandas and trellis work, covered with clustering roses. A servant received me at the entrance, and passing through the hall, which was ornamented with family portraits and specimens of natural history, ushered me into the Library, where a number of ladies were sitting engaged in writing and sewing. One of them rose and accosted me, and I recognized Miss Edgeworth at once from descriptions of her which I had already received. She was a very short and spare person, and appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, although she must have been at that time not less than seventy. Her face had no very striking features. It expressed, however, in a marked degree good sense and benevolence. If there was anything peculiar in her physiognomy it was the space between the eyes, which was very broad and flat. The forehead also was broad, while the lower part of the face about the mouth and chin was quite narrow. Her eyes were small, and of a colour between grey and hazel. They assumed a very pleasant expression when she smiled and half closed them. Her nose was nearly straight, and mouth small and slightly compressed. She wore a slate-coloured gown and a plain cap, with brown hair (a frizette, I thought) in small curls around her forehead. If her appearance was ordinary, her voice and manner were exceedingly kind and engaging. She presented me to the widow of her father, a lady of much dignity of address, and who preserved a great deal of bloom, although her hair was quite gray. Another elderly lady and two younger women were in the room, who I afterwards learned were relatives of the family. The apartment was large and well lighted, and combined all the conveniences of a library and the elegancies of a lady's parlour. There was a range of square pillars at the sides where a partition had apparently been taken down. In the recesses thus formed and elsewhere beside the walls well-filled book-cases extended half-way to the ceiling, the spaces above being occupied by oil-paintings and engravings. Among them were likenesses of Ricardo, the political economist, Sir Walter Scott, Madame De Staël, Talleyrand, Lord Longford, and Napoleon. Tables covered with books, writing materials, needle-work, and baskets of flowers stood in different parts of the room, and about the grate in which a fire of peat was burning, large, easy looking chairs were disposed. Everything wore an air of comfort and refined taste, and it was at once to be seen that the usual occupants of that apartment devoted themselves to pursuits both rational and delightful. Here it was, as Miss Edgeworth afterwards told me, that all her books were written. She worked there, she said, surrounded by the different members of her family, often reading to them what she had just before composed, and receiving their corrections and suggestions And, indeed, it was the very place in which one might suppose those elegant conversations, so full of wit and common sense, which abound in her novels, had been conceived. That cheerful library parlour seemed to be the home of all domestic virtues and graces. Nobody who lived in it could be dull, or ungenial, or unhappy.

After luncheon, which was served in the dining-room, a most interesting conversation took place. Miss Edgeworth talked a great deal, and all that she said was full of practical good sense and kindness of heart. The topics, at first, in compliment to her guest, related principally to America. Upon these subjects, particularly those connected with government and literature, she showed accurate information and liberal opinions. She appeared to be familiar with our best authors, and to have a proper appreciation of their merits, making discriminating remarks, I remember, respecting Irving, Willis, and Hoffman. We spoke of Indian words and their pronunciation, and she seemed pleased to be informed how Michigan, Hobomok, and other names, were pronounced. This led to the general subject of the Indians and their wrongs, in connection with which she read with much feeling a few lines from Mrs. Sigourney, whose name she accented improperly.

It happened that I had shortly before visited Abbotsford. When this was alluded to, she spoke in the most affectionate manner of Sir Walter Scott, who died a few years previous, always calling him her "dear Sir Walter." She described a tour to the Lakes of Killarney, upon which she had accompanied him and his family. When that interesting apartment at Abbotsford was mentioned, in which the personal relics of the poet—his hat, and stick, and clothes,—are preserved, the tears came to her eyes. It was evident that she was a person of the most hearty good feelings, and overflowing with love to her friends. The conversation continued upon these and other subjects until late in the afternoon, when I rose to return to the Inn, upon which I was kindly asked to remain and dine, and take a bed at the house. My luggage was forthwith removed thither, and I found myself in the possession of a most comfortable apartment, in which, besides the usual furniture of a bed-room, were several easy sofas, screens, and curious old mirrors.

At dinner my seat was next to Miss Edgeworth, who talked all the time in the most agreeable way. What she said was marked as before with the strongest practical good sense and the most cheerful and liberal views of mankind and the world. She showed also an accurate knowledge of many subjects which are usually considered to be beyond the reach of female study. Much of it was of an interrogative character, and required of me considerable self possession and activity. I was quite well satisfied if I could answer her rapid questions with tolerable correctness. There are persons who possess the power of extracting from you all you know upon any subject—who arrive at once at the pith of your replies. She was one of these. If she agreed with any opinion expressed, she carried it out and illustrated it. If she dissented, she stated her objections with such clearness and force, that I should not have desired to argue with her afterwards, unless her winning kindness of manner had always given me courage to express my views with the greatest frankness. I can only hope to give a bare and meagre outline of this conversation—indeed, hardly more than an enumeration of some of the topics discussed. But even this may not be without interest, although it will afford no idea whatever of the extensive information, the warm-hearted generosity, and the vigorous and well chosen language of the distinguished authoress.

She said she had never known Hannah More, and much regretted she had not. She had seen Mrs. Siddons act, but it was in the latter part of that lady's life when her physical powers were on the decline. She spoke of the performance of Queen Catherine at this period as extremely interesting, the part requiring an exhibition of mental affliction a little blunted by bodily pain, which Mrs. Siddons' want of health enabled her to give with much effect. She had known Sir James Mackintosh well and described his conversation as being of the most superior character. He knew the best that had ever been said or written upon any subject. His memory, both retentive and recollective, was most wonderful, and his modesty equally remarkable. She wished he had not known so much of other people that she might have known more of Sir James. She had been well acquainted with Watt, the improver of the Steam Engine. The statue of him by Chantrey, with its deeply wrinkled brow and expression of strong fixed meditation, was spoken of as the personification of Abstraction. "Yes," said she, "of Mathematics." In this connexion the wonders effected by steam in America were alluded to, and she gave to Mr. Fulton the credit of having first applied it to navigation.

She showed to me in the dining-room a portrait of her father, for whose memory she seemed to cherish the deepest veneration. When inquiry was made concerning his well-known talent for mechanics, she pointed to the clock, which she said was of his workmanship, and stated that the tower of the village church was raised from the ground by a contrivance of his, and put in its place in ten or fifteen minutes.

After dinner we went out upon the veranda, and then for the first time I ventured to speak particularly of her own books. She seemed to be gratified with the account of the warm reception "Helen" had met in America. I asked about "Taking for Granted," a new novel, which the papers about that time promised from her pen. She said this report had been spread, she presumed, by a friend, who had seen a little of the manuscript with that title. It was, however, unfinished, and she did not know when it would be completed. I spoke of how much we were led to expect from its name, and when upon being requested to state my conception of its meaning, I answered that it was probably intended to show the dangers of precipitancy in judgment and opinion, she appeared to be pleased, and said that was her meaning exactly, and requested if any instances illustrative of this occurred to me, that I would mention them, as she often derived much profit from such suggestions from her friends. We afterwards went into the Hall, where she pointed out the portrait of her father's uncle, the Abbe Edgeworth, who attended Louis XVI. upon the scaffold. "This," she said, "was something for the family to be proud of." Here also was a picture of her great grandfather, in his legal robes, and one of an ancestor of hers, a Lady Edgeworth, which represents her in the act of making the sign of the cross, the same which saved Crannallagh Castle from the fury of a mob, as related in the memoirs of Richard Lovel Edgeworth.

When we returned to the Library lights were brought in and the ladies commenced working, Miss Edgeworth being engaged upon a muslin cape, which sort of occupation, they said, she followed so much that people were surprised she found any time for writing. Tea was afterwards served, and a pleasant conversation maintained until bed-time. Everything went on in a quiet and easy manner, so indicative of refinement and true politeness. Among all the members of this family the greatest harmony and affection seemed to exist, and I frequently observed little acts and words which, although unimportant in themselves, showed the constant influence of these delightful qualities.

I was down in the Library the next morning at nine o'clock. Soon after Miss Edgeworth came in from the garden with a large straw bonnet on her head, and holding in her hands a basket filled with flowers which she had just gathered. They were wet with the rain, and having engaged me to spread them out upon the floor, she retired to prepare for breakfast. In a little while we were all assembled at the meal, at which conversation flowed on in the same easy and unrestrained way as before. It turned at first upon Prison Reform, and she seemed to have an accurate knowledge of what had been effected in America in this department. Negro Slavery was then mentioned, and upon this question she appeared to have more enlightened and just views than the English in general. Afterwards the subject of her own works was again introduced, and in answer to an inquiry if many of the characters and circumstances narrated were real? she said, she did not remember ever to have drawn a character which was taken entirely from life. Some incidents she had borrowed from true history. She mentioned the relater of the story in "Castle Rackrent" as very much resembling an old steward of the family.—Churchill in "Helen," she said, was made up from several fashionable *diners-out*, whom she had met in London. Some of the incidents in the "Contrast," one of the "Popular Tales," were real. The shutting up of the wife in "Castle Rackrent" was also done by an officer who resided some time ago in the neighbourhood. The story of the will, which forms one of the most interesting portions of "Patronage," was real, and occurred in the memoirs of the Edgeworth family, as they had been written out by her great-grandfather. Lady Davenant was an imaginary personage. Being interrupted here by an expression of great admiration for that character, she seemed pleased, and intimated that she felt more pride in the delineation of it, than in any she had ever drawn. "Simple Susan," she said, Sir Walter pronounced the most pathetic of her tales, and one which drew tears from him. In comparing domestic life in England with that in America, she expressed the idea that it must be much the same thing in both countries, and in this connexion spoke of the rapid advancement of America in many departments, and instanced the art of engraving. The plates of our Annuals, she said, were infinitely superior to the coarse prints of the Gentleman's Magazine, which in their day were so highly prized. She also spoke of our reviews—which she always read—the North American and American Quarterly, which latter was then in existence. She preferred them as *reviews* to the English publications, although their essays might be inferior. She said they gave her better notions of a book, and directed her what to read and what to omit reading, more judiciously than the Edinburgh and Quarterly. Something being said of the political bigotry of the English periodicals, and their mercenary devotion to the interests of publishers and booksellers, she remarked she had heard of this latter charge, but from her own experience knew nothing. She sent her books to Mr. Bentley, and with the reviewing of them she had no connexion.

After breakfast we walked in the hall and looked again at the family portraits. We examined that of the Lady making the Sign of the Cross, and also one of another Lady Edgeworth, who, although she was afraid of ghosts and fairies, had sufficient presence of mind to take a lighted candle gently with her hands from a barrel of gunpowder, into which it had been stuck by mistake during an attack upon her castle. Both these circumstances had been mentioned in the life of Richard Edgeworth, and doubted in the reviews by ill-natured scribblers. To confirm the truth of the statement, his daughter brought out for me to read an old volume of manuscript, in her great-grandfather's own hand, in which these stories, with that of the will before-mentioned, and many other curious facts, were narrated. Besides the family portraits, there was one of Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton." There were also in the hall specimens of birds and insects from America, carefully preserved; a bead chain from a mummy's neck, a box with a picture of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh upon it, made from the wood of the door of that prison, and several other curiosities.

The time now approached for me to take leave, when Miss Edgeworth voluntarily offered to give me letters to some friends of hers in England. Before sealing them she handed them to me to read, and most gratefully do I recollect the kind manner in which she had written of myself and of America. Perhaps no better proof can be offered of the warm friendliness of her disposition than this unexpected courtesy to a young man but recently from college, who could contribute nothing to her intellectual gratification, and whose chief claim upon her regard was the introduction he had brought from a valued friend, and his own most sincere respect and admiration for her character and writings.

The coach was to start for Dublin at two o'clock, and shortly before that hour I left Edgeworthtown-House, most deeply impressed with the quiet good sense, the extensive information, the liberal views, the warm-heart, and the unaffected manners of her who was its chief ornament, and whose presence now, alas! no longer distinguishes it above all the hospitable Homes of Ireland.—W. H.

Another number of the *Literary World* than that from which the above pleasant article is copied, contains the following which we annex to it as appropriate addenda:

MEMORIES OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.

[From a delightful paper by Mrs. S. C. HALL, in the London Art Journal for July.]

NO "LIFE" TO BE WRITTEN.

"I have heard from Mrs. Edgeworth, the widow of Miss Edgeworth's father (and heard it with regret, in which all will participate,) that Miss Edgeworth left a letter, 'to be delivered after death,' in which she requested that '*no life might be written of her, and that none of her letters might be printed.*'"

PERSONAL SKETCH.

"In person she was very small—smaller than Hannah More,—and with more than Hannah More's vivacity of manner; her face was pale and thin, her features irregular; they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manner so entirely well-bred,—partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness,—that you never thought of her, in reference either to plainness or beauty; she was all in all; occupied, without fatiguing the attention; charmed by her pleasant voice; while the earnestness and truth that beamed in her bright blue—*very blue*—eyes, made of value every word she uttered,—her words were always well chosen; her manner of expression was graceful and natural; her sentences were frequently epigramatic; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gather information in a manner highly complimentary to the society of which, at the time, she formed a part; while listening to her, she continually recalled to me the story of the fairy whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they opened.

"Miss Edgeworth was remarkably neat and particular in her dress; her feet and hands were so very small as to be quite child-like. I once took a shoe of hers to Melnotte's in Paris, she having commissioned me to procure her some shoes there, and the people insisted I must require them '*pour une jeune demoiselle.*'"

THE LIBRARY.

"The Library at Edgeworthtown is by no means the stately solitary room that libraries generally are; it is large, spacious, and lofty, well stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints, the 'suggestive.' It is also picturesque, having been added to and supported by pillars so as to increase the breadth; and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied with clumps of trees, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. If you look at the oblong table in the centre, you will see the rallying point of the family, who were generally grouped around it, reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point,—that all in the house should do exactly as they liked, without reference to her,—sat in her own peculiar corner on the sofa; her desk—upon which was Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ireland,—placed before her on a little quaint, unassuming table, constructed and added to for convenience. Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness, and yet power of attention to what was going on,—the one not seeming to interfere with the other, puzzled me exceedingly."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Miss Edgeworth suffered bitterly during Scott's illness; she talked much, and sorrowfully, about both him and Captain Basil Hall. 'People will overtask themselves,' she said, 'in the very teeth of example; even Sir Walter Scott knew that he was destroying himself; he told me that four hours a day, at works of imagination, was enough: adding that he had wrought fourteen.'"

MACKINTOSH AT BREAKFAST.

"One thing I must tell you," she exclaimed, after she had been turning over several of SIR WALTER SCOTT'S letters, "one thing I must tell you, SIR WALTER SCOTT was almost the only literary man who never tired me. SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH was a clever talker, but he tired me very much, although my sister once repeated to me seventeen things he said worth remembering one morning at breakfast."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Edgeworth's collection of autograph letters was by far the most interesting I ever saw—Sir Walter Scott's were, I had almost said, without number; the correspondence of many years with Joanna Baillie, Miss Seward, with Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Grant; packets of foreign letters, and multitudes from America, which Miss Edgeworth said was "a letter-writing country."

BIT OF A NEWSPAPER.

"On returning to Dublin from Edgeworthstown I was convinced of the truth of Miss E.'s observation [of the growing habit of thinking of the people.] While waiting for change of horses at Maynooth, the carriage was, as usual, surrounded by beggars, one after another; they begged for everything they could think of; "A little sixpence, your honour, just for the honour of Ould Ireland and good luck;" "It's only the half of that, or a fourpenny bit, I'd be asking, that you mightn't dirty yer glove with them mane ha' pence;" "Maybe ye'd have a bit of bread, or anything, to stop the hunger of the children, my lady;" and, at last, when the horses were about to start, an old crone exclaimed, "*Ah, then lave us the bit of a newspaper itself, to amuse us whin ye're gone!*"

The following sketch of the celebrated Mentelli, we copy from the last of a series of very interesting papers which have appeared, from time to time, in the *London Weekly News*, [Jerrold's] entitled, "Experiences of Literature and Literary men, by an ex-Editor," and from which we have heretofore liberally extracted:

"Captain O——, of the Royal Navy, an old friend, had taken lodgings in the Rue Pigarre, at the house of a teacher of mathematics, of whom he was receiving lessons. One day dining together, he said if I would come to his new berth he would introduce one of the most singular characters I ever met with. I went, and found in a garden of moderate size a summer house, slightly built, of wood, with glass windows on each side, some of the panes of which admitted the air. A glass door in front closed it, but not so nicely as to exclude the cold of winter. Here resided, in a space of eight feet square, a noble looking Hungarian, in the prime of life. It was the celebrated Mentelli, well known to the French Institute, and greatly respected. Across the summer-house a box extended nearly the whole width. On that, athwart-ways, lay a plank, which served for a seat, upon which this extraordinary personage was sitting, his back being against the side of the house, and his feet and legs in the box, in which was deposited some blanketting. This he used at night to keep himself warm, and it was now wrapped round his knees and legs. He had before him, and on one side, a table formed of tilted boards, covered with books in several languages, together with a slate and pencil, which he used for working mathematical problems. Various holes in the summer-house were stopped with paper pasted over them, covered with Greek and Arabic characters. On the floor were several huge folios and quartos. From the roof, suspended by a piece of strong wire, there hung an iron lamp, with a wick projecting from a bent angle of the metal. This he lit up at night. There was also a can and pitcher, the last filled with water, standing in a corner, and a coarse brown loaf of bread lay on a shelf over them. There was an old arm-chair in the opposite corner to these, so that a visitor had only just standing room within the door. A ragged cloak hung over the chair. The inhabitant was a fine looking man, with a handsome, long, brown beard that reached a foot below his chin. He was clad in a coarse brown jacket and waistcoat that did not look too clean, and he had trowsers of a stuff somewhat similar. His eyes were large and fine, and as I recollect, of a deep brown colour. I was introduced without ceremony in English, and he replied like a native of England, to my great surprise, and with singular softness of enunciation. He could converse equally well, I was told, in French, Italian, German, Latin, and Sclavonic. He understood both the ancient Greek and the Romaic, and was then endeavouring to master the Chinese, of which he had already acquired 2,000 characters. His reading was extensive. He was the cleverest sophist I ever heard argue. He subsisted by giving one lesson a week in mathematics, for which he was paid three francs, or half-a-crown, and upon this he actually supported himself. His only luxury was two or three potatoes boiled over his lamp at night, and sometimes a dinner with the good Frenchman who owned the garden, but whom he seldom troubled on account of the time he lost by it. He bought at once enough of coarse ammunition bread to last him a week, letting it grow stale that it might go the further. He slept five or six hours sitting in the chair, or, if cold, recumbent in the box in which I found him. He told me he had lived and studied so for twenty years of his life, and had never been ill. I told him his system could not last, that his health must succumb. He said it was not that he was insensible to the excellence of food of a better kind, but that he must sacrifice too much time in producing wherewith to purchase it. That he had no pleasure in life but in acquiring knowledge.—That time was the most precious thing which God had given to man, and that, when he wasted it, he calculated that a portion of knowledge had been lost which could not be recovered. He was happy, though no cynic, not despising what others valued, but preferring the acquirement of knowledge, and, still more knowledge, beyond everything, and he was content it should be its own reward. Custom made his existing way of living no trial to him. He spoke of several of the members of the French Institute with high respect as his particular friends. He had visited every country in Europe but England, which I was lucky enough to prevent his doing. I told him that in England his acquirements would have no weight in his brown jacket and trowsers though in Paris the first men might walk the Boulevards with him, as they did, arm-in arm. He said he should offend nobody. He would get 150 francs and walk through the country. He had read our best writers. He knew Bacon, Locke, and Milton—why not their country? I said because Englishmen regarded only exterior appearance. That there was no love for the professions of science or literature in England, but among a very few persons indeed, who did not exchange their ideas with a public which had no sympathy but with pecuniary accumulation. That his dress would consign him here to a gaol as a rogue or vagabond, although he was guilty of no act that could warrant it. Suspicion was quite enough.—"What, in a land of liberty?" said Mentelli. "Yes," I replied, "because poverty is a crime never pardoned there." He would scarcely believe me when I told him that his vouchers from members of the French Institute would do nothing for his respectability with a country justice in England. That such an one would not weigh his acquirements, were they those of Newton, if he wore a dress that gave a suspicion of his being a poacher or vagrant. That the will of such an official was law with a poor man. "But I should sleep in very humble inns, or at night-fall upon the ground, wrapped in my cloak; I should offend no one?" said Mentelli. That act would be an offence of itself, I remarked. A rogue on a large scale generally fares well, but the innocent man, whose appearance is suspicious, if no rogue at all, or only a very small one, is sure to be the greater sufferer. 'That is the country of Newton and Locke, is it?" said Mentelli, appealing to my friend. He affirmed the truth of what I stated, unless Mentelli would come with a fine coat and some pretensions, no matter how idle. I remember Mentelli told me that a knowledge of the Slavonic tongue rendered the acquirement of all other languages comparatively easy. I heard afterward that on one occasion some members of the Institute once sent Mentelli a present of linen and a cloak. He told them it was idle to do so, though he fully appreciated their kindness. Wanting a new book very much he took them to sell, and made his purchase, when the police seized him, supposing them stolen and put him in prison. He was ashamed to write to his friends, considering the cause. So he employed himself several days in teaching some of the younger prisoners to read.—But he got tired of this on reflecting he was losing time himself. Sending to a friend he obtained his liberation instantly. I heard several singular anecdotes of him. He is now dust. Perhaps no man ever loved knowledge so much for its own sake, or was contented as he was, being above the world in his pursuits, to hold its conventional habits in so loose an estimation."

SLAVE VESSELS.—We extract the following from a curious work entitled the African Blockade, by Commodore Forbes, R. N. who was captain of H. M. S. Bonetta, one of the squadron stationed on the West Coast of Africa for the suppression of the Slave Trade.—*Spirit of the Age.*

In May, the steam trader, Maid of Isley, belonging to a merchant of Sierra Leone, being engaged in landing rice for the slave merchants of Gallinas (under the British flag,) was mistaken for a Brazillian steamer, and her crew reported that 1,200 slaves were sent alongside in six boats, but pulled on shore as soon as the mistake was discovered. These are the same boats that Don Luiz sent for the prize crews, and fully capable of holding 200 slaves each. They are rowed by forty men, whose seats are so high that a man can walk underneath. On the slaves being received, the largest men are picked out (if not sent with bad characters) as head men, and these, dividing the slaves into gangs, according to the size of the vessel, of from ten to twenty, keep them in order. The slave deck is divided into two unequal parts, the greater for the men, the other for women and children, and between the sexes no communication takes place during the voyage.

The stowage is managed entirely by the head men, who take care that the largest slaves shall be farthest from the ship's side, or from any position in which their strength might avail them, to secure a larger space than their neighbours. The form of stowage is, that the poor wretches shall be seated on the hams, and the head thrust between the knees, and so close, that when one moves the mass must. In this state, nature's offices are performed, and frequently from the maddened passions of uncivilized men, a fight ensues between parties of two nations, whose warlike habits have filled the slave-ship—alike prisoners, each to the other's ruler, and all sold to the same factor. In one instance, a brig, the Isabella II., taken by H. M. S. Sappho in 1838, had been chased off the coast for three days, and when the hatches were opened, starvation had maddened, and assisted by a regular battle between the Akoos and Eboos, had destroyed 200 human beings. This state of misery works, in a measure, its own cure. Fevers and cutaneous diseases, consequent on the crowded state of the deck, carry off sometimes hundreds, and leave to the survivors, at least room enough.

In the West Indies, vessels taken from Africa offer a most deplorable picture, many of the slaves being in dreadful agonies, from a loathsome cutaneous disease, yclept the kraskras. It commences like the itch, between the fingers, &c., but, unless checked, it runs into ulcers of enormous size, and, from extreme irritation, often proves fatal. Should a mutiny break out, the cowardly nature of the dastards employed, at once breaks forth frequently decimating the whole—hanging some, shooting others, and cutting and maiming just sufficient to hinder a recurrence on board, and yet not to spoil the sale of the *article.* Sometimes fear quite overpowers the slaves, as will appear in the following account of a mutiny, given by the captain of the Curioso, (prize to H. M. S. Amphitrite, in May, 1848,) to Lieutenant Strickland, the prize officer. This mutiny had occurred on a previous voyage. The state of the vessel was this: Slaves, 190 men, crew, captain four whites and a black steward. The latter managed to convey, unseen, the only four cutlasses, together with three razors, to the slaves. At 3 in the morning, lying ill with the fever, he heard the slaves breaking out of the hold. Arming himself with a knife, he rushed on deck, and meeting the negroes on a narrow part of the deck, fought until the knife broke. Seizing another, and assisted by three white men, the fourth having been killed, the combat remained undecided until one of the white men found a loaded musket, with which he soon cleared the decks. Daylight revealed a horrid sight. As many as sixty-seven of the slaves lay bleeding or dead; in a word, the deck was a perfect scene of carnage. All the survivors were put below, and for the rest of the voyage none were allowed to appear on deck. Food and water were handed through the iron gratings of the hatchways. The slave is fed twice a day; in order to give room, one-half are allowed on deck. At the hour of the meal, they are ranged into messes, and when all is ready, at a signal from the head man they commence. The food consists of either rice, calbancies (a kind of bean) or farinha) the flour of the cassada, a species of potato,) boiled. As a relish to these are either salt pork, beef, fish, chillies, or palm oil, in small quantities. After each meal, they are made to sing, to digest the food, and then the water is served out. The fullest nominal allowance is one quart daily, though seldom more than a pint is given. The modes of administering this necessary support of nature are various. The most extraordinary, is the introduction of a tin tube to the cask and allowing each slave to have the use of it for a certain time, whereby it is said a little water is made to go a great way.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A MARE'S NEST!—"We are assured that M. Theirs arrived in London yesterday, and it is added that the object of his visit is to open negotiations for a matrimonial treaty between the President of the French Republic and Madame la Duchesse D'Orleans. We have not heard in what way it is proposed to settle the question of precedence between the Compte de Paris and the possible issue of the proposed marriage; but this point, doubtless, has not escaped the penetrating mind of M. Thiers."—*Morning Post*

THE PALLADIUM OF HUNGARIAN FREEDOM.—The fated stone of Scone, carried off by Edward I. for a coronation chair for his saintly namesake's chapel at Westminster was not more devoutly regarded by the Scottish nation, than is Stephen's crown by the Magyars. Joseph II. deeply offended the nation by removing the crown to Vienna. Since it was restored by his successor, it has, till very recently, been preserved with reverent care in the chapel of the palace at Buda. On the advance of the Austrians to attack the capital, in the present war, to save it from the unholy touch of these Philistines, the crown was taken to Debreczin; and with what a burst of pious horror did the scribes of our oligarchical press narrate that Kossuth had stolen the crown. Peace to their troubled souls! Stephen's crown will probably long outlast his monarchy! —*The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.*

JOSEPH MAZZINI, THE ROMAN TRIUMVIR.—Many knew him and loved him in London. For ten years he was seen in our streets occasionally. A slight thin man, above the middle height, with a moustache on his grave pale face, with a lofty forehead, and with eyes large, black, and expressive, and countenance singularly amiable and noble, might have been frequently seen walking between Chelsea and High Holborn. He was dressed in the plainest of black suits. This was Joseph Mazzini. He was simple and gentle as a child. He was powerful only in his intelligence, his nobleness, and his love of Italy. To know him was to have faith in him forever. Hence his power. He lived for truth and Italy. To know exactly the men and affairs of Europe, and consecrate his knowledge to his country, was the devotion of his life. Hence the singular fate of this man. His nobleness has sunk two governments into baseness. When his letters were opened, what infamy covered forever Sir James Graham and Lord Aberdeen —ministers of England and spies of the Austrian diplomacy! But this baseness is small when compared to the lowest perdition of infamy in which the Bonaparte ministry have sunk themselves, in reference to Mazzini. The blood flowing before Rome, to put down the adventurer, is covering the name of Bonaparte with a shame of the nephew surpassing that of the uncle. The France of Lamartine was the leader of the continental nations to liberty—what honour! The France of Bonaparte is the Cain of Republics—what infamy!—*Standard of Freedom.*

MISS EDGEWORTH IN HER LIBRARY.—The library at Edgeworth's Town is by no means the stately, solitary room that libraries generally are; it is large, spacious, and lofty; well stored with books and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints—the suggestive. It is also picturesque, having been added to and supported by pillars, so as to increase its breadth; and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied with clumps of trees, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. If you look at the oblong table in the centre you will see the rallying point of the family, who were generally grouped round, reading, writing, or working, while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point—that all in the house should do exactly as they liked, without reference to her, sat in her own peculiar corner of the sofa, her desk, upon which was Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ireland, placed before her, on a little, quaint, unassuming table, constructed and added to her for convenience. Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness, and yet power of attention to what was going on—the one not seeming to interfere with the other—puzzled me exceedingly. In that same corner, and up